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NATIONAL REVIEW

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**The Season
to be Jolly**

**— Might the
Soviet Union
Collapse?
Yes, says
Dmitry Mikheyev**

**What's a nice
church like the
Episcopal Church
doing, publishing
a sex atlas?**

Also: NEAL B. FREEMAN: WATCH WHAT HAPPENS TO CAPITAL GAINS ♦
NICHOLAS KING PREDICTS THAT GISCARD WILL WIN ♦ GEORGE V.
HIGGINS ON VONNEGUT ♦ PLUS HART, CROZIER, BRUDNOY



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KING
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MIKHEYEV
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HOWARD
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HART
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BRUDNOY
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Communism Today

478 The Soviet Union: Might It Collapse?

Don't get your hopes up, warns the author, a refugee. There is no way the Soviet masses can organize to cast off their oppressors. But the Soviet economy is far along in crumbling, and there are eight distinct classes in the classless society, all of which drink far too much and most of which hate some of the others. No revolution is in sight, but the deterioration will follow predictable lines; and there will be only one way for the Party to cope.

Dmitry F. Mikheyev

Articles & Columns

474 Leaks, Death, and Taxes

Nothing serves the people's right to know like a leak about your enemies.

Neal B. Freeman

475 The Palestine Ploy

The Allies differ sharply about the central problem of the Middle East.

Brian Crozier

476 The Hot Money's on Giscard

With elections only days away, French politics will probably retain the shape imposed on it by the One and Only. Bad news for Mitterrand and Marchais.

Nicholas King

490 The Coffee-Table Sex Atlas

Under something like the auspices of the Episcopal Church, the public is being offered a groins-for-eyeballs treatment of sex, complete with photos and a driveling debunking of the Judaeo-Christian code; of all codes, come to think of it, except the Playboy Orthodoxy. C. S. Lewis, call your office: this one looks as if Screwtape had ghostwritten it.

Thomas Howard

494 Winter before Spring

Human rights may be the most lied-about topic in the world, especially in Geneva. All the more reason to make it a plank of our foreign policy.

Michael Novak

Books Arts & Manners

495 If the first Whig was the devil, the latest is Leonard Levy. **Joseph Sobran** finds his history of blasphemy a drone of anti-Christian hatred. . . . **Walter Laqueur's** *The Terrible Secret* makes it clear that Hitler's extermination of the Jews was an open secret—even in the West. **Arnold Beichman** hails the book and adds a few reflections of his own. . . . **Jeffrey Hart** assays *Eisenhower the President* and asks whether conservatives sufficiently liked Ike. . . . **George V. Higgins** winces at Kurt Vonnegut's autobiography. . . . **Michael Korda** recalls his uncle Alexander—*Sir Alexander*—at greater length than **David Brudnoy** could wish. . . . **John Simon** gives short shrift to Truffaut, Resnais, and Godard, medium shrift to Polanski. . . . **Ruth Berenson** welcomes an exhibition of neglected French realists.

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Letters

Capitolism

Your glittering salute to George Gilder's *Wealth and Poverty* [April 17] comes at exactly the right moment: just as the liberal counterattack upon his book is beginning. But the liberals may be too late. *Wealth and Poverty*, I'm pleased to report, is already the Number One best-seller in Washington.

Peter Cohen
Washington, D.C.

The Siberian Seven

Thank you for the latest installment in Kevin Lynch's on-going account of the Christians in the American Embassy basement ["Waiting for Mr. Reagan," April 3].

Has anyone considered making Peter Vashchenko our ambassador to the Soviet Union? He'd certainly know more about the system than his predecessors.

Lisa Mickiewicz
Muncie, Ind.

His Finest Hour

I would like to congratulate both Cato and the author of your editorial "Reagan's Finest Hour" [April 17] for setting down what I'm sure many of us felt but had not been able to formulate.

On that terrible day, March 30, I stood in front of the television with the sick feeling that nothing had changed—that we were still in that bleak era of public life that I thought Reagan's election had ended.

At least, that's how I felt until five o'clock or whenever it was that Lyn Nofziger came out and quoted the things Reagan had said to his wife and his friends as he was being wheeled into surgery. The next day, printed in black and white in the newspapers, some of those lines sounded a little corny. But at that moment it was like putting out all the flags. Things can't be so bad if you have a leader who refuses to let you feel sorry for him, who is strong enough to think of other people at a time when most of us would have all we could do to keep from breaking down ourselves. This is a man all Americans can be proud to have as their President.

Jane Parker
Altoona, Pa.

Tide Turning

Your magnificent issue of February 20, with its cover story on Huber Matos, arrived in Peru on the same day that *El Comercio* published the UPI dispatch on Huber Matos's telegram to the Ecuadorean president, Roldós. The omens seem to be hardening for Castro, and not the least of these is the re-election of President Be-

laúnde, who had been ousted by the Velasco junta in 1968. There is talk among diplomat and big-business types that Peru, having failed to play its revolutionary card (Velasco was the joker), is now re-awakening to its genuine non-Third World, non-Non-Aligned destiny. Specifically, Belaúnde's re-election seems to have triggered the release of pro-Western geopolitical tendencies (the VP of the republic is also the ambassador to Washington); a U.S. cultural orientation has reasserted itself; and the "grammar" of Western democracy is taking hold. Selden Rodman's article on Belaúnde ["A Hero Reborn," March 6] was right on target.

The press, for example, is vigorously free. *La Prensa* just printed an interview with Hayek translated from the French; and all the press, except the Communist *El Diario*, gives frequent, prominent, and gleeful coverage to all of Castro's embarrassments. (Here, the Boat People, the difficulties with Ecuador and Venezuela, and his being caught with his hand in the Salvadoran cookie jar are *Castro's* embarrassments.)

All of which has prompted me to send a copy of the Matos interview to *La Prensa*. Even up to last year, their printing it would have been impossible; now there's a good chance. So Peru is already a long way from the conditions that prevailed throughout Velasco's rule and intensified near the end of that period, when Peru was so active at the Havana meeting of Non-Aligned Nations. Peru (and other Latin American countries?) would not mind a blockade of Cuba, whose *caudillo* must suspect that Nicaragua and the El Salvador *putsch* are the last small waves of an outgoing tide, now due to turn.

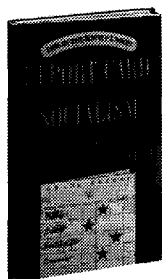
James Como
Lima, Peru

Blaming the Saudis

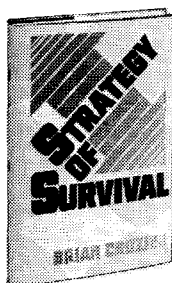
I take issue with the following statements by Peter Lubin ["Taming the Saudis," March 20].

1. *The Saudis gave Idi Amin refuge.* A shadowy rumor, never proven.
2. *"Detailed studies" show the Saudis spend all the revenues they receive from their oil.* (No source is cited.) Now that this well-kept secret is out, the Eurodollar bankers can all fall off their swivel chairs.
3. *"The Saudis have broken every agreement on oil they have entered into since the Teheran agreement of 1971."* After all, a mere 100 per cent inflation of the dollar during that period is no reason to renegotiate such commitments.

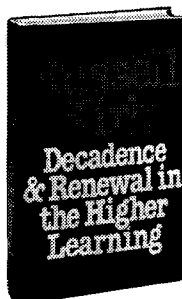
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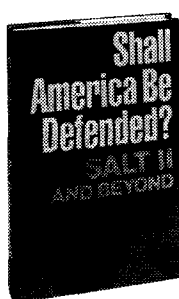
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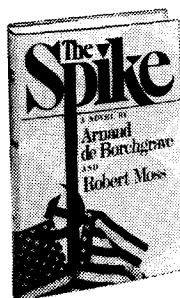
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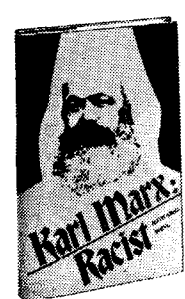
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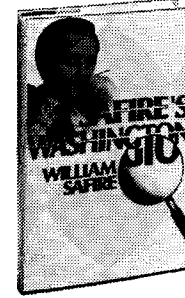
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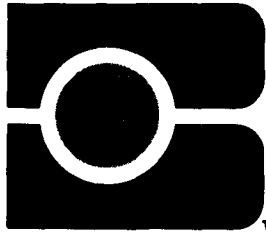
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4. Saudi Arabia is a "bully." "They pressed territorial claims on both Abu Dhabi and Oman." Shocking! Everyone knows a country is not allowed to "press" border claims on smaller neighbors.

5. "The flavor of Saudi 'moderation' can be gauged from their description of Jerusalem as 'purely a genuine Arab and Islamic city.'" A statement that may not look all that frenzied to those uncommitted to Israel's territorial goals.

6. A four-million-barrel cut in Saudi output would only allow a 25 to 38 per cent rise on the six million remaining in production; thus they would "lose tens of billions of dollars annually." Saudi oil, you see, is unlike other oil. If not pumped out during a particular year, the value of it is "lost," and it can't be sold later at the higher price.

Lubin's conclusion—or rather, since no evidence is given for it, his preconception—is that we should look on Saudi Arabia as a mass-murder-condoning, spendthrift, undependable, bullying, extremist, economically strapped pariah state and treat it accordingly.

If we do so and get another Khomeini-style regime there, his notion that the oil still left in the ground is "lost" may prove to be quite prophetic.

*Ted Shields
Ashland, Ky.*

Mr. Lubin Replies

1. The American, British, French, and Italian press have all documented Amin's stay in Saudi Arabia. There is, for example, a lengthy AP interview with Amin in Jidda on February 7, 1981, more than a year after he arrived in Saudi Arabia.

2. Even though, after each price rise, there is a surge of new revenue, the Saudis soon manage not only to spend current revenues but to dip into whatever was initially accumulated. In the Seventies their revenues went up twenty times, yet in 1977-78 fiscal deposits fell by \$4.1 billion; in 1978-79, even with a huge price jump and increased production, fiscal deposits fell by \$4.6 billion. For a thorough treatment of Saudi revenues and expenditures see Douglas J. Feith, "Saudi Production Cutback: An Empty Threat?" (*Wall Street Journal*, March 30, 1981).

3. In 1970 a barrel of oil cost less than \$2; now it costs more than \$32. Even allowing for "100 per cent inflation," this is still a remarkable rise. I am not surprised that the Saudis charge as much as people are willing to pay, but why should any of us be grateful, or misleadingly describe their pursuit of their own economic interest as "moderate"?

4. The history of the Saudis over the past two centuries has been one of aggressive expansionism at the expense of other tribes and other countries. Repeated Saudi aggression toward Oman and Abu Dhabi is significant because Oman is the

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DENVER—The Copley News Service reported that United States Patents have now been issued to Wm. Trevaskis, California veteran electrical engineer, for his Vapor-Jet® brand water vapor injector (Pat. #4,119,062).

Trevaskis has developed what amounts to a 20 cents per gallon "rebate" on gasoline, by designing a low-cost injector for automobiles, light trucks, vans and recreational vehicles.

The Vapor-Jet® system has survived lab testing by a certified independent automotive testing laboratory. Test results showed miles per gallon improvement of 17.3 per cent on Trevaskis' 1971 Ford Galaxy and 13.3 per cent on a 1973 Olds Starfire.

Water injectors were developed to a highly refined state during World War II, to give combat planes increased speed and extended range. However, up to now, the low price of gas and the high cost and extremely difficult installation required for earlier injectors combined to make them unattractive for automobiles and light trucks.

The design of Trevaskis' new Vapor-Jet® is, on the other hand, very inexpensive (\$29.95 + \$3.00 shipping) and can be easily installed in ten to fifteen minutes.

The Vapor-Jet® has an unconditional 60 day guarantee. If for any reason you are not satisfied you may return it within 60 days of the day you installed it for a \$29.95 refund. Following are some questions most frequently asked about Vapor-Jet® :

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The introduction of this mist into the fuel air mixture has a cooling effect that increases the mixture density, extends the burning rate, and improves combustion efficiency. This eliminates ping (predetonation) and dieseling (after running of motor). Since steam is a good cleaner it also helps dissolve carbon deposits on the spark plugs and cylinder walls of older vehicles and helps prevent carbon buildup in new ones. Tests prove engine horsepower and octane ratings are increased with Vapor-Jet® because more fuel is converted into power producing energy. Vapor-Jet® combined with regular gas gives "premium" results.



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key to the Gulf and the Saudis are desperately trying to keep America out of the Gulf and away from any firm bases on Omani soil, which is exactly where we need them.

5. The fanatical exclusiveness of the Saudi statement speaks for itself, and should raise a few eyebrows not only in Jerusalem but in Rome and Canterbury as well. The practice of Christianity is illegal in Saudi Arabia; the mere presence of Jews is forbidden unless they happen to represent a foreign government.

6. The current state of the oil market is such that if the Saudis were to cut production by several million barrels it is doubtful that more than a 10 to 20 per cent rise could be obtained. The notion that "a barrel of oil in the ground is worth more than a barrel produced" has been shown to be false by petroleum economists, not to mention the observable behavior of American oil companies: they produce every barrel they can.

I am puzzled that my article should have upset Mr. Shields. It did not upset anyone else.

Political Economy

We all hope that the economy will improve dramatically as the Administration pursues so-called "supply-side" economic policies. But even if the results fall short of our hopes, we will have reason to be grateful to the supply-side theorists, and to journalists like Tom Bethell ["Reagan's Economic Package," April 3] who write so lucidly about their ideas. What they have done is to reconceive the study of our national housekeeping arrangements along time-honored lines—in effect, to reinvent political economy. Anyone who was ever daunted by the formulas bristling on a page of Keynes's *General Theory* but found intellectual challenge and excitement in the pages of Adam Smith, Marx, John Stuart Mill, or Schumpeter will share my enthusiasm for the supply-siders' direction. By downplaying analysis of aggregates and placing the individual—his incentives, his struggles, and his dreams—at the center of the economic stage, they invite citizens to do as they used to do: read economics for intellectual enlightenment and enjoyment and to contribute their bit to the national debate.

Eva Ehrsam
Albuquerque, N.M.

Miracles of Counterpoint

Your well-intentioned obituary on Karl Richter is marred by errors and deals in cavalier fashion with a complex aesthetic-theological problem ["Karl Richter, R.I.P.," March 20].

Richter was 54, not 84, at the time of his passing, and had been a notable Bach interpreter for less than a quarter-century (not "half a century"), still long enough for his moderate views to be overcome by

the more extreme Baroque-performance advocates.

Theology contends that "the soul of a postmistress in glory outshines all the works of man"; art replies that even a minor masterpiece outweighs the damp souls of a thousand housemaids. Bach—who had a foot in both camps—was clearly inspired by his text drawn from the Epistle to the Romans, not by a provincial *Hausfrau*. Your writer's pseudo-biblical phrase sounds like G. K. Chesterton linking arms with the common folk, and its gravamen is not only anti-artistic but misconceived in its exaltation of ordinary people per se (the Siegfried's leaf of this whole area of religious speculation), contrasting pitifully with the heartfelt words which Bach surely did believe: "*Gute Nacht du Stolz und Pracht! Dir sei ganz, du Lasterleben gute Nacht gegeben*" (Good night, pride and splendor! To you, evil life, I once and for all say good night). This reflects perfect humility (and no little anguish) rather than false-hearted humanitarianism, and unlocks the secret of why Bach's music is as profound as it is beautiful.

David Wilson
Berkeley, Calif.

Shale Oil Economics

Mr. Moore's argument for an oil-import tax has some good foundations ["An Oil Import Tax," March 20]. However, two additional factors deserve consideration.

First, exports of crude oil from Iraq and Iran increased substantially in February—to such an extent that Saudi Arabia will very likely curtail its expanded production in order not to aggravate further what is probably a temporary condition of world oversupply. Such curtailment will serve to maintain the present market. The increase in domestic price that would result from an import tax would be a cause of hardship to people who are dependent on automobiles for transportation. We have vast distances in the Southwest, which consume a lot of fuel in necessary travel.

Secondly, probably the officials of OPEC never realized that the great increase in the price of crude oil for which they have been responsible has served to make the production of oil from shale an economic possibility. This nation's resources of oil from shale deposits are enormous, but shale oil requires costly hydrogenation to make it suitable for use in most refineries. Also, the most important deposits of shale are located in a sparsely populated area that has a deficient water supply. For these reasons oil from shale was not competitive with crude oil as long as the price of crude oil was controlled artificially. OPEC should now recognize that it has made the United States self-sufficient in fuel by its exorbitant price schedules.

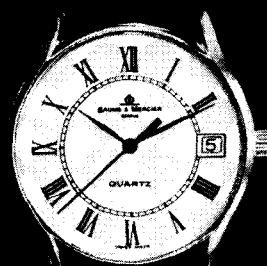
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FOR THE RECORD

■ House Democrats trying to map a strategy against **Reagan's** budget program are not (repeat not) pleased with Speaker **Tip O'Neill** these days. In wide-ranging *Washington Post* interview, Tip boasted he was one of the "big spenders of all time." "There's no question about that. I remember one day putting \$160 million in the budget for breast cancer because **Mary Lasker** came down to see me. . . . I remember putting \$18 million in for knock knees in children. I used to be able to sneak 'em in without anyone knowing about 'em. But it's a new ball game now." . . . House Majority Leader **Jim Wright** (Tex.), with a rambunctious bunch of Democratic conservatives on his hands led by fellow Texan **Phil Gramm**, fears the Democratic counter-budget may lose in the Democratically controlled House if "we lose 26 [Democratic] votes and the Republicans march lockstep, like robots, against us." For his part, Gramm is savoring his new strength. "Suddenly," he says, "our discussion group is firing real bullets." . . . Also pleased, Republicans back in **Massachusetts** who think this may be the year to take out Tip O'Neill. . . . For the record, the only Republican to vote against the budget in the Senate was **Lowell Weicker** of Conn. . . . According to **Evans & Novak**, one reason the Republican-controlled Senate Budget Committee messed up is that two of the key staff economists hired by Chairman **Pete Domenici** (**Gail Fosler** and **Preston Miller**) are anti-supply-siders. . . . One of **David Stockman's** budget-cutting charges—his proposed slashes in the budgets of Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe—has been turned aside by **Richard Pipes**, who reportedly went right to the top to make his case.

■ **George Wallace** agrees with **Jerry Ford** that gun control isn't the answer



Nick, *Punch*

Rothco

"Fourth floor—trappings of success."

to attempted assassinations. "If a person will not obey a law against shooting Presidents, would he obey a law against handguns?" . . . **Stuart Knight**, head of the Secret Service, says his resources are stretched thin, having to provide 24-hour, 365-day-a-year protection to twenty people, including former Presidents and their wives, former Vice President and Mrs. **Mondale**, and **Amy**—until she's 16. "Siberia" post is Independence, Mo., home of the bedridden 96-year-old **Bess Truman** (except for agents getting graduate degrees). . . . One victim of intensified security measures, Majority Leader **Howard Baker's** U.S. Senate 1—Tenn. plates. . . . Losing battle: The Secret Service computer has yet to find an agent able to run twenty miles, while remaining alert and on the job, to accompany Agriculture Secretary **John Block** in the Boston Marathon.

■ One area in which Administration can be faulted is slow clearance of key aides (particularly in State) through senatorial confirmation. Last week three

Assistant Secretaries, **Lawrence Eagleburger** (Europe), **Nicholas Veliotos** (Middle East), and **Chester Crocker** (Africa) were on official missions though not yet confirmed. Culprits: slow FBI clearance and conflict-of-interest procedures, hang-up in Foreign Relations Committee (**Helms**), and insufficient pressure from the White House. . . . Some appointments that have come through: **James Bernard Burnham** and **William Niskanen** to Council of Economic Advisors. Burnham, son of *NR's* **James Burnham**, was vice president of Mellon bank; Niskanen was a co-founder of National Tax Limitation Committee. . . . Also **Anna Chennault** as vice chairman of the President's Export Council. . . . **Marty Mitchell**, daughter of **John** and **Martha**, expected to get appointment as White House intern this summer. . . . Also available, 12-week summer internships (\$100 a week) at **National Journalism Center** in Washington. The program includes both classroom work and on-the-job experience. Deadline for applications: May 1. Write **Don Landers**, 600 Penn. Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

■ Out of the closet: the "bipartisan" (ho ho) **League of Women Voters** has brought out its first congressional rating (of the 97th Congress) and it gives perfect 100 scores to five Democrats: **Ted Kennedy** and **Bill Bradley**, incumbents, and **McGovern**, **Durkin**, and **Nelson**, retired. The only Republican senator to get 100 was **John Chafee** of Rhode Island. In the House, 45 Democrats scored 100, and one Republican, **John Anderson**.

■ **LAM**, the weekly newsmagazine for **Australasians** in London reports: "Statistically the most dangerous place for an Australian in 1980 was a mother's womb."

THE WEEK

■ Raúl Castro is reported to have been bitten by a shark while swimming off the coast of Cuba. The shark is said to be in stable condition.

■ MORE NOTES FROM THE VITAL CENTER: "'Hinckley seemed like a very nice fellow,' Mr. Allen, the leader of the National Socialist Party of America, recalled. 'Outside of being a Nazi, a very ordinary fellow.'"

■ It's spring and the voice of Benjamin Spock is heard in the land. Demonstration time is upon us and the parched forces of the Left, who had to content themselves with largely ineffective anti-nuclear demonstrations during the dry Carter years, now smell blood. In El Salvador. Listen to Dr. Spock as he urges Americans to travel to Washington on May 3 to protest U.S. intervention in El Salvador. "Unless we act now young Americans may soon be pulling the triggers of the guns flooding into El Salvador and dying in large numbers." In Washington they'll forgather with Eqbal Ahmad and Michael Parenti of the IPS, with Congressmen Ron Dellums (Calif.) and Mickey Leland (Tex.), and with Dick Gregory. The People's Anti-War Mobilization is sending in troops, as are the new and most active Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador (CISPES), the fellow-traveling National Lawyers Guild, and a ragtag congeries of other leftist groups: Committee for Abortion Rights and against Sterilization Abuse, Salsa Soul Third World Women, Long Island Shad Alliance, and more. For more information contact the once-Maoist (PGOF—pre-Gang of Four) *Guardian* or the more reliable CPUSA *Daily World*.

■ The *National Catholic Reporter* of April 3 devotes several pages to defending the Maryknoll order against the charge of being infected with Marxism. But alas, if you *read* those pages you'll know less than you did before, except that Maryknollers are wonderful people, and isn't it awful that some people are accusing them of Marxism, and isn't it equally awful that some people (the same ones) think Marxism is always *bad*. The order's defenders are particularly sore at Michael Novak and William Buckley for saying such things, when what's really going on in Latin America, in the words of one Maryknoll priest, is that "the institutional church [is] *really* becoming Christian." Then—oops!—on page 10, Arthur Jones, in a separate diatribe against Novak and Buckley, lets this cat out: "Perhaps, if Buckley or Novak or I were set down in

San Salvador or Seoul, the sense of injustice and the need to make a decision in our soon-to-be-snatched life would make Christian-Marxists of us all."

■ Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne, in a daring act somewhat reminiscent of the Flying Wallendas', has moved into an apartment in the city's fearsome Cabrini-Green housing project. She has vowed to remain (part-time, at least) "for as long as it takes," or until she can "change a word called despair to a word called hope," and/or "when I think people can look out the window and not get shot." Under the circumstances, she may be in residence there quite a while. Cabrini-Green is a publicly rebuilt high-rise slum—a Chicago Pruitt-Igoe—terrorized by street gangs who alternately abet and prey upon the tenants, many of whom are pushers. In the past nine weeks ten people have been shot to death and 35 wounded by sniper fire. So hats off to a brave lady. Last year she came out for Kennedy, this year she moved to the slums. Who knows, next year she might endorse Kemp-Roth.

■ Inasmuch as the Color Question has been much on people's minds of late, Thomas Sowell has taken it up in the *Washington Post*, with a new twist—and a vengeance. "Most white people," he writes, "are unaware of the internal social history of blacks and what it means in the struggle for black leadership today." It all revolves around ancient tensions between "the traditional light-skinned elite" who craved closer association with whites, and the "black masses" in whose name that elite affected to speak even as it fled contact with them. "Like many other human beings, [members of this elite] have been able to rationalize their special perspective and self-interest as the general good. Much of their demand for removing racial barriers was a demand that they be allowed to join the white elite and escape the black masses." Hence the black "leadership's" stress on integrated housing at a time when most blacks were more intent on finding jobs than on moving to Scarsdale, and its slavishly liberal stance on crime when most blacks were terrorized by criminals. Perhaps a trickle-down theory operates, whereby the social gains of W. E. B. Du Bois and Andrew Young eventually reach their darker brethren. . . . Professor Sowell is dangerous to many established interests.

■ Basketball fans insist that President Reagan's post-op quip, "All in all, I'd rather be in Philadelphia," was a reference to the NCAA championship game in that city that night, in which Indiana defeated North Carolina. About which a tale. Paying off a game bet, the governor of North Carolina sent a hog to the governor of Indiana. The hog arrived at the Indiana statehouse a few days later and was named Bobby's Bacon, in honor of the Indiana coach. However, this, as the Chief Medical Poobah of North Carolina

Defend the Family *Sensibly*

Finally, the health of the family has become a top priority item on the national agenda of concern. It's about time, for the family is the premier humanizing institution of our society. The family is where love is grounded and actualized in commitment, where we learn to give as well as receive, where the harsh judgments of the marketplace can be neutralized by love and forgiveness. It is the embryo of a better, less impersonal, less calculating society. It is our children and our future.

But there are lethal forces at loose eating away at the health of the American family: women's lib extremism *and* the battering of wives and children, abortion *and* unemployment, "gay" politics *and* careerism, pornography *and* greed, and even the television-as-babysitter.

The *New Oxford Review*, a new and unique Christian monthly, seeks to protect the family on all fronts — and do so without being shrill, kooky, bigoted, intimidating, or just plain reactionary.

We don't believe Moral Majority-type groups have a monopoly on the family issue. We don't believe the family issue should be a captive of the fundamentalists and the radical right. We believe that to be against abortion is *not* rooted in puritan-

ism, or the punitive mind-set, but in an affirmation of the dignity of every human life — and that to be truly pro-life entails looking at all other issues from a life-affirming point of view.

We believe the time has come to build a national pro-family consensus. If the Christian New Rightists are allowed to exploit the family issue and use it to divide conservatives from liberals, Republicans from Democrats, they may have some momentary success in winning power for themselves, but they will poison the wellsprings of social renewal. And ultimately, the pro-family cause will be the victim, for its momentum will be stymied as it isolates itself in the ghettos of resentment and rancor.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

It appears that President Reagan's convalescence is proceeding apace, and we are all very grateful for that. But his absence from full-time Oval Office activity has been felt, whether his Administration will admit it or not. Take the disarray—too strong a word? try untidiness—in our foreign policy. Reagan has successfully muzzled public expressions of differences between Al Haig and Richard Allen (although differences remain, and some are deep and rancorous, like how to approach the Mideast predicament) but, that disorder having been controlled, a worse rupture is now visibly bulging between State and Defense. The Secretaries of State and Defense were recently in Europe addressing the question of what seemly retribution the U.S. and the West could visit upon the Soviets if the Bear invades Poland. The discussions turned on 1) willingness to resume SALT, 2) reduction of theater nuclear forces in Europe, 3) deployment of the neutron bomb, and 4) sale of weapons to Red China. *Mirabile auditu*, Haig soft-lined, Weinberger hard-lined. Haig sounded like a former HEW Secretary, Weinberger like a former general.

On the day the President was shot in the chest, Haig shot himself in the face by taking to the microphone and lights in the White House and saying things that led some to believe that Haig thought that Haig was third in the command line (after the President and Vice President) in a national military emergency, whereas Reagan had previously

made it clear that Weinberger was. So maybe Weinberger felt: Hell, if Haig wants to play Secretary of Defense, I can play Secretary of State.

To compound the problem, the Secretary of the Treasury, Donald Regan, went to London to talk with our allies about whether and how to reschedule the Polish debt, if the Soviets do invade. Should we negotiate new terms? Roll the debt over? Link additional credit to more freedom for Solidarity? Soon we may have the Secretary of Agriculture, John Block, negotiating separately on whether to lift the Soviet grain embargo.

The most crippling and ruinous flaw (is there only one?) of the Carter foreign policy was that his Administration spoke with multiple voices: Vance, Brzezinski, Carter himself. This confused and estranged our allies. The international community dismissed us as either frivolous or unreliable. Reagan needs a Carter foreign-policy Babel like Harrison Williams needs another Arab investor.

Between now and the end of the century, seasoned foreign-affairs professionals around town are saying, the most critical issue facing the international community is what will evolve politically in Poland, and what will happen to Soviet suzerainty over its allies. While these dramas are being played out, Haig is essential. He is a globalist who can see how pieces fit together; he is also taken very seriously in Europe. After Afghanistan, NATO and EEC members capitulated to the Soviets. They sold the Russians record amounts

of grain, milk, meat, sugar, butter. If anything, NATO and the EEC nations *expanded* their trade ties with the Soviets, despite U.S. pleas for curtailment. Carter had no Haig to inspire the Allies with trust, respect, and a salutary intimidation.

Reagan knows that Haig is needed while the denouement of the Polish situation unfolds. Had it not been for the assault on his life, and his convalescence, Reagan would have sat his Cabinet around the table and observed emphatically that: Haig alone speaks for Reagan on foreign policy and everyone else stays out of the act; Haig will consult in advance with other secretaries when his statements overlap their territory; a solo performer in foreign policy is what I want, not a chorus, and certainly not the cacophony we have been hearing.

The President and Haig would then repair to the White House podium where Reagan would make an important announcement on some cardinal foreign-policy issue (a fresh Mideast initiative, say, or joint actions being contemplated by the West if the Soviets invade). Then he turns the microphone over to Haig, introducing him with language of sufficiently high voltage to prop Haig up so that he stays propped up, terminating the talk that Haig won't last till June.

The irony is that Haig cannot help himself in this, nor can he, without Reagan, give one voice to Reagan's foreign policy. He tried before, and was trashed in the process. If he tries again, he'll be humpty-dumptyed.

—CATO

advised his Indiana counterpart by phone, was illegal. By law, he said, the hog had to be received by an approved slaughterhouse, which, in his opinion, the Indiana statehouse isn't (little does he know). The Indiana team still plans to eat the hog, unless they'd face federal charges, an anti-gambling investigation, or other annoyances that Chief Poobahs dream up after losing basketball games.

■ Soviet authorities didn't like Dmitri Shostakovich's memoirs, published posthumously in the West. So they asked the composer's son, Maksim, to denounce the book. Maksim, himself a conductor, obliged. But Soviet authorities didn't like Maksim Shostakovich's denunciation of Dmitri Shostakovich's memoirs much better than they liked Dmitri Shostakovich's memoirs:

Maksim used the words "Stalin" and "tyranny" in the same sentence. Last week in West Germany Maksim and his pianist son Dmitri simplified life for everyone by defecting.

■ Postmaster General Quadwilliam Booo,ooo,oolger addressed a convention of large mailers and tried to persuade them that a nine-digit zip code was a good thing, but was driven off.

■ Toward the end of the Indiana General Assembly session, a Republican legislator paused to give his colleagues something—else—not to think about. "Early in the week, we were passing bills at a clip of one every four minutes," he said. "And one bill took only 22 seconds. This is ridiculous. This doesn't give you

time to find out what's in the bills." Courage, young man. If legislators ever found out what was in the bills they passed, it would surely be the doom of life as we know it.

■ Dr. Mark Gross, an abortionist in Phoenix, failed to notice that his patient was eight months pregnant, and so had a live birth to deliver. Mother and infant daughter doing fine, thank you. "We can't always be perfect," a spokesman for the clinic said afterward. True enough, but it's interesting that when an abortionist makes a mistake, the patient lives.

■ The Connecticut Mutual Life Report on American Values in the Eighties has found that 73 per cent of the public feel that God loves them. Only 54 per cent of the country's leaders feel that way. Draw your own conclusions.

■ Federal officials estimate that bureaucrats in New York City alone waste \$300,000 a year calling dial-a-joke. If that's all it costs to keep 'em off our backs, we'll set up our own gag line.

■ A yacht once used by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, seized by the fuzz last year with 21 tons of marijuana aboard, has now reportedly sunk at its mooring in San Francisco. Would that any of FDR's programs had had such a distinguished career, and such a happy ending.

■ How times do change! The word "splashdown" is now an anachronism.

Open to the Future?

In this year 1981, the magnificent spaceship *Columbia* is, unfortunately, an ambiguous symbol—a symbol at once of technological triumph, and of a decade of uncertain national will.

The *Columbia* represents an immense achievement, and it opens up to us a new vista of possibility, including the eventual colonization of space. The environment of space, for example, could provide for precision manufacturing of a quality unknown on earth. Ultra-pure medicines and other materials will come for the first time within man's grasp. The military possibilities of space are only beginning to be discussed, and space may well be the environment in which the wars of the future are decided. From the perspective of a laser-armed space satellite, even a MIRVed ICBM does not look so formidable; it could be detected and cut down within seconds.

But there is another side to the symbolism of the

The Reason Why

Wonder why they're going nuts
Bucking Reagan's budget cuts?
Over 52 per cent
Get checks from the government.

W. H. VON DREELE

Columbia. The project is three years behind schedule, and partly on that account more expensive than projected. The budget of NASA has been restricted to this one project, without much thought about what comes next. The *Columbia* thus also stands as a symbol of America's current difficulty in consummating large national projects requiring a sustained effort of the national will.

It is doubtful if the still-incomplete interstate highway system could be launched today, and for similar reasons. Robert Moses's magnificent public parks could not now be built. Neither could Central Park, or TVA, or a project like Apollo, launched by John F. Kennedy. It is doubtful that we could today re-create our railroad network, or even our land-grant colleges. We flunked, after all, on supersonic jet passenger service.

One intuits that the next great scientific breakthrough ought to be the taming of the hydrogen-fusion reaction—which, when it comes, will make virtually infinite energy available from water. But the pace on this promising front seems snail-like.

So the *Columbia* is a triumph, but also a warning and a challenge. Is it the end of an era, the last great adventure, the magnificent end of the open road, after which we sink forever into a kind of Scandinavian apathy presided over by the Club of Rome and the celebrators of limits? Or is the *Columbia* the beginning of a great new thrust forward for modern man, into space colonization, into the hydrogen atom; into, perhaps, the mastery of the life process itself?

Reagan's Other Wound: The Budget

The assassin's bullet may have done more damage to the President's economic program than to the President. Prior to the attempt, President Reagan's tax bill and budget cuts were on target, but with the chief laid up in the hospital things began to unravel. First, Senate Budget Committee Chairman Pete Domenici wanted a smaller tax cut and larger spending figures than the President had proposed. In the first two years the budget cuts exceed the tax cuts, but the Senator

was worried about the out years—years for which projections are not required by law. Next, in a surprise move, conservative Republican Senators Armstrong, Symms, and Grassley voted with the Democrats to defeat in committee the first budget in anyone's memory that cut taxes and spending.

More budget cuts, demanded Armstrong—not altogether a bad idea. The problem is that the staunchly conservative Armstrong is playing into the hands of Democrats by holding the tax cut hostage to even deeper budget cutting. Moreover, if action is delayed on the President's program, the package may be overtaken by a recession which monetarists believe has been brewing since last November, when the Fed tightened down sharply on money-supply growth. If a recession hits before taxes are cut, the mounting budget deficit will bump tax reduction from the agenda. Similarly, rising unemployment will spare many programs from Dave Stockman's knife. By attempting to fine-tune the deficit, Senator Armstrong is risking the entire program.

Worst of all, the budget document shows no difference between a deficit that uses up private savings to finance growth in government spending and one which is a temporary result of policies that create enough new savings to finance the deficit. Deficits of old were caused by out-spending revenues, whereas Ronald Reagan's deficit would pay for itself through a higher savings rate.

With the President's programs showing signs of unraveling on the Republican side, newspapers are now reporting that Democrats Dan Rostenkowski, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, and Jim Jones, chairman of the House Budget Committee, have received "indications the Administration would compromise" on its tax bill. These indications could be signs of confusion as the program loses its momentum. The President promptly disavowed the report.

On April 15 the President was scheduled to make a major tax-cutting speech, but the gunshot wound to his lung means that a major speech this soon would be punctuated with coughs. Things seem destined to unravel a bit further before the leader of the supply-siders can wade back into the fight.

The Osmosis Danger

The pronouncement on Poland by the North Atlantic Council of Defense Ministers, meeting at Bonn in early April, was the first unified statement of that sort issued in the name of the North Atlantic Alliance. It followed by a day Secretary of Defense Weinberger's presentation of an intelligence report regarding Soviet military dispositions bearing on Poland. That the warning to the Soviet Union of grave consequences in the event

Weinberger Has a Point

With cars recalled and tires, too;
Hairdriers that leave housewives blue;
Defective freezers, water beds,
Will someone tell me why the Feds
Attack the one that's trouble-free?
I say, hands off AT&T.

W. H. VON DREELE

that it invaded Poland was unequivocal is credited mainly to Weinberger's cogency. The same goes for the Council's pronouncement on linkage between Soviet behavior and the future of strategic negotiations—and the logical tie between the two topics is obvious. The Bonn session properly marked an end to Weinberger's brief apprenticeship at the Pentagon. He demonstrated a fortunate combination of personal authority and tact—along with knowledgeable ability about strategic matters across the board.

As for Poland, Weinberger put the larger issue in proper proportion. The invasion danger is only an aspect—not the core. His allusion to subjugation "by osmosis" was apt. The basic question continues to be vindication of some degree of national autonomy or, contrarily, reintensification of Moscow's control. Soviet pronouncements have become increasingly unequivocal. The Solidarity movement has been repeatedly identified as an enemy of the Marxist-Leninist future—by implication treasonous and set for liquidation. The Poles will have to toe the Communist line: "There is no other road," Mikhail Suslov, the Kremlin's chief ideologist, told them the other day in a warning of the "fatal consequences" of "any deviation from our socialist teachings." Leonid Brezhnev's assurances in Prague regarding his contingent confidence in Poland's capacity to settle its own problems amounted merely to a prediction of success for Soviet intimidation without resorting to the extremity of unequivocal penetration. Brezhnev's meaning was the precise antithesis to what the NATO Council meant in referring to Poland's right to settle its own problems.

Understanding of the danger to Poland continues to be clouded in the West—a matter of careless terminology. A single recent news broadcast brought both word of a diminished probability of a Soviet intervention and an account of how the Soviet Union had been fingering members of the Communist Party leadership in Warsaw for dismissal or retention as the case might be. Similarly, Brezhnev earned media credits here for moderation merely by discussing Poland in terms marginally less harsh than those used by his Czech counterpart.

In a sense, the worst combination of events in Po-

land—viewed from the standpoint of Western security—would be success for the Kremlin's determination to fasten the halter on Poland again without having to incur the penalties of unequivocally forcible conquest.

Who Killed Chrysler?

Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige and Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis have made headlines this spring by calling for a limit on Japanese auto imports. At first glance it is ridiculous that Cabinet members of an Administration committed to economic freedom can suggest that the United States set up import restrictions. But when one gives it some thought, it comes as no surprise. One government intervention begets another. By setting price ceilings on oil, government artificially altered the relationship between the automobile industry and the consumer. This, as is now so evident, caused profound distortions in the marketplace. Because the price of oil was kept so low, Americans did not lose their taste for large, comfortable, gas-guzzling cars. The car manufacturers simply fulfilled their natural function by providing what was demanded of them. Those who did not do so suffered. American Motors, for example, got more than its fingers burned when it offered a line of fuel-efficient autos several years ago. It had to sell out to the French to stay alive.

Now things are beginning to change. Petroleum deregulation has wide support. Consumers are switching in large numbers to fuel-efficient cars. Europe and Japan, which have had high energy prices for years, are obviously good places to shop. Misled by the wrong

signals for so many years, Detroit is hard put to respond to the challenge. If the United States again dips into the quagmire of regulation to solve its problems, the American auto industry will become even more entangled. Without competitive pressures to produce small, inexpensive cars, the industry can look forward to more interventions and narrower quotas. Examples of new regulations stemming from price regulations on oil are the fuel-efficiency and weight standards that the government had to slap on the car manufacturers. If the price of oil rose to its natural level, Detroit would not need government-imposed standards to give it the incentive to produce fuel-efficient autos. Nor is protectionism in the form of quotas any way to provide inexpensive autos to the American public. In the United States today, labor contracts have raised the pay level of auto workers far above that in other industries. Competition is the only way to get wages back in line with prices.

What the United States needs is not more regulation, but less. Easing regulations and restrictions will get the automobile industry back on the road to doing what it was meant to do—supply what consumers demand in an unfettered environment. Protectionism in any form and for any reason is no way to lead the world to free trade.

Print No Evil

In the middle of March, one hundred guerrillas from the April 19 Movement, trained and supplied by Cuba, launched an attack on the government of Colombia. The guerrillas had planned carefully: crates of weapons and matériel were stashed in every major city in Colombia; but they had only one, short-lived success, the capture of the town of Mocoa. The peasant uprising they hoped to foment never occurred—in fact the peasants turned on the guerrillas, and the Colombian army speedily vanquished them, killing 16 and capturing 72 others.

On March 23, Colombian President Turbay went on national television to announce that he had severed diplomatic relations with Cuba because it “persisted in intervening in the internal affairs of our country.” He then vowed to alert the other countries in the hemisphere to the intentions of the Cuban government.

Two days after Turbay spoke, Castro suffered another major setback. Panama announced it was reconsidering relations with Cuba because of Castro's attempt to export revolution, and joined with Colombia in a call for a hemispheric conference to plot ways to combat Castro's subversion. And that's not all.

On the day that President Turbay made his stunning announcement, five Costa Rican pilots testified in that nation's capital that they had delivered Cuban



Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal*

Rothco

"We're bound to get money back from the tax department this year—I claimed depreciation on you."



arms to Nicaraguan rebels based inside Costa Rica, with the knowledge and approval of Costa Rican President Rodrigo Carazo. "Today we understand," one of the pilots said, "that we were used in a Communist strategy to dominate all the people of Latin America." Every political party in Costa Rica has called for the resignation of President Carazo, who claims that he authorized the arms deliveries because he feared the consequences of not cooperating with Castro.

Remarkable as these stories are in themselves, they are made more remarkable by the deafening silence of the U.S. press. Special correspondent Bruce McCollm has covered Castro's setbacks in *Business Week*, but as of this writing such papers as the *New York Times* have yet to mention them. Though Castro is no longer the darling of Latin America, apparently he will have to do more than try to subvert a democratically elected government if he wants to make headlines in the United States.

Airwave Pollution?

In the face of the human explosion in Poland and signs of dissatisfaction in the Soviet Union (see p. 478), the question naturally arises: How can the United States encourage them?

Increasing the budget of Radio Liberty is one obvious answer, given most recently by Representative John LeBoutillier (R., N.Y.). LeBoutillier suggests broadcasts to Moslems in Soviet Central Asia, and a communications satellite to bypass ground jamming (at a cost, he adds, of one battle tank and four fighters). We should not do what Radio Free Europe was accused of doing in Hungary in 1956—inciting rebellions which have little chance of success, and which

we have no intention or means of succoring. Facts would be enough—more than enough, from the Communist point of view.

They may also be too much for Radio Liberty's current capabilities, according to a recent column by Jack Anderson. Anderson acquired an inter-office memo by James Critchlow, a planning and research officer who visited Radio Liberty's Munich-based headquarters in January. Critchlow found "broadcasts peculiarly in harmony with Soviet expansionism, as one containing the statement that the 1939 Soviet invasion of Poland 'extended Russia's borders to their natural limits'; 'anti-Polish positions current in Soviet historiography'; a broadcast 'upbraiding Pope John Paul II for his support of the Uniate clergy in the Ukraine.' 'American management,' Critchlow reportedly concluded, 'has lost effective control.'"

We know better than to take leaked memos at face value. Anderson's picture of the station's blunders is, however, quite in keeping with complaints that have been made for years. *NR* collected some of these complaints three years ago ("Stilling the Heady Voices of Freedom," March 17, 1978). "Information is treated as if it were a strong drug that must be received in homeopathic doses," dissident Vladimir Bukovsky had written in *Kontinent*. "Radio Liberty," declared Viktor Sokolov in another *Kontinent*, "tried the patience of its listeners with broadcasts of a frankly Marxist inclination." Radio Liberty, *NR* concluded, survives "from a time when Communist censorship was thought to be dangerous enough to require undoing. America took to the airwaves against Communist governments because it judged Communism's depredations to be somehow special—a judgment which detente, whatever Henry Kissinger's intentions, makes psychologically untenable. One consequence of our policies must

therefore be the eventual gelding of Radio Liberty."

Detente is over. One of the highest foreign-policy priorities of the Reagan Administration must be to end the gelding as well.

Insight Time

It is a commonplace of constitutional history that decisions of the Supreme Court *before* the New Deal era were often rooted in economic interest, i.e., they protected the property and interests of the business classes. Professor Herman Belz has usefully raised the question of the relationship between Court and economic interest *since* the advent of the New Deal.

Reviewing a new biography of William O. Douglas in the March issue of *Commentary* magazine, Professor Belz demonstrates that in the post-New Deal era, Court decisions have generally been rooted in the economic and ideological interests of the familiar New Class of federal bureaucrats and media communicators.

"In 1938," Belz observes, "Justice Harlan Fiske Stone suggested that the Court should accept pretty much at face value legislation regulating business, but should take a skeptical view of legislation which on its face touched on political and civil liberties and the rights of minority groups. Thereafter the Court in a broad sense applied these guidelines in interpreting the Constitution. Picketing and other forms of labor action were protected as civil liberties under the free-speech guarantees of the First Amendment. The economic interests of the steadily expanding federal bureaucracy, a mainstay of the New Deal, were safeguarded by judicial decisions in the internal-security cases of the 1950s and 1960s which defined government employment as a right rather than a privilege. The promise of social improvement held out by the civil-rights movement, at first implicitly and then explicitly, illustrated the conjunction of humanitarian principle and political-economic interest. And the remarkable elaboration of First Amendment law on freedom of speech and the press provided a solid

foundation for powerful interests in the fields of journalism and communication."

This is a useful perspective. Taken purely in constitutional terms, many Supreme Court decisions during the present era seem the products of spontaneous generation. Understood as rooted in concrete political and economic interests, they become more intelligible.

And other insights flow. For example, the Court ruled unanimously against Nixon and his Executive-privilege claims in the White House tapes case. In so doing the Court dealt a wounding blow to what had become known as the "imperial"—not, as before, the "strong"—Presidency. But by 1968, it had become clear, the Presidency was not the locus of New Class interests; rather the locus of resistance. Professor Belz has deepened our understanding of much recent history.

Omar Bradley, RIP

Characterizations predominant in the eulogies for Omar N. Bradley ("homespun," "humble") tell about appearances rather than essences. The man's face, but only his face, radiated easy-going rusticity. His high-school yearbook from Moberly, Missouri in 1910 was closer to the mark in calling him "calculative." Self-assured cold-mindedness, notably in circumstances of utmost stress, is the sovereign trait recalled by colleagues and immediate subordinates at the apex of his career.

As a teenager without father or resources, Bradley aspired to West Point for money reasons. Graduated and commissioned in 1915, he passed the World War I years in domestic duties. Thereafter—in ROTC work, teaching at West Point, course work in infantry tactics at Fort Benning and in army management at the Command and General Staff School—he became a model textbook officer. War sidetracked a promising future in military pedagogy. As he was wont to recount, Bradley turned fifty before first hearing a shot fired with lethal intent, and a corps in northern Tunisia in 1943 was the first and also the smallest unit ever under his command in combat.

At the end of World War II, Bradley's command was the Army group in central position in the European Theater of Operations, encompassing 46 U.S. divisions. In numbers—almost a million soldiers all told—his responsibilities in tactical leadership exceeded those of any other general in U.S. history. The *Ultra* device for decoding enemy radio signals was a considerable factor in his notable successes—a point skated over in Bradley's own account, *A Soldier's Story*, because of security restrictions still in effect at the time of writing. Over-reliance on the same device

Good Soldier Bush

Jugs slosh on both his shoulders;
He's handy with a mop.
While others offer solos,
He sticks to barbershop.
He's friendly but not *fulsome*;
His palms are always dry.
When someone mutters, "Voodoo,"
He never bats an eye.

W. H. VON DREELE

figured in his worst crisis: by maintaining radio silence the Germans achieved tactical surprise in the late 1944 Ardennes offensive. Their short-term success was a shocker at the time. In retrospect, it appears negligible. Bradley's record in high command was virtually unflawed.

Among the five-star titans of World War II—actually he achieved supergrade status in 1950 as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—Bradley was last to go. Legally and technically, he remained on the active list until the end, despite grave infirmities in his last years. Dated from induction at West Point, his years in service fell short of seventy by only a few months—the longest public career in U.S. history, and surely one of the most exemplary.

—C. B. MARSHALL

Joe Louis, RIP

Was World War II really *about* Joe DiMaggio and Joe Louis? Absurd as that may seem as a proposition, it would not have seemed absurd to many of the American soldiers who actually fought the war, and who had come of age in the 1930s. Over there, on the other side, were autocratic regimes pushing people around, regimenting them, speaking about “men of steel.” Depression America, in contrast, was ragged enough, but it was also free and various—Joe Louis and Joe DiMaggio suggested this. And it had within it the potentiality of world championship—again, the two Joes.

A sophisticated computer expert recently fed Joe DiMaggio's record-breaking hitting streak into a computer and announced two scientific conclusions: a) that the streak was mathematically impossible, and b) that it certainly could not happen again during the projected life-span of the universe. But DiMaggio did it. He also made every move on a ball-field with shocking grace, and otherwise was a reticent gentleman.

One word inevitably springs to mind about both DiMaggio and Louis: quality. In his prime years as a fighter, Louis fought everyone the world had to offer and lost only once, to Max Schmeling in the famous first fight. Otherwise, he was the most lethal combination puncher in the history of boxing, and—though such estimates are always inconclusive—perhaps the greatest of all heavyweights.

The son of a sharecropper, Louis had grown up in Detroit. He was not reputed to be articulate; but though he characteristically used few words, they were always exactly right. To the very end, Joe Louis knew exactly who he was, and he was realistically confident. Long after his retirement, he appeared on television with Muhammad Ali.

“Joe, you really think you coulda whupped me?” Ali demanded.

“When I had the title,” Joe Louis said, “I went on what they called a bum-of-the-month tour.”

“You mean I’m a bum?” Ali demanded.

“You woulda been on the tour,” Louis replied.

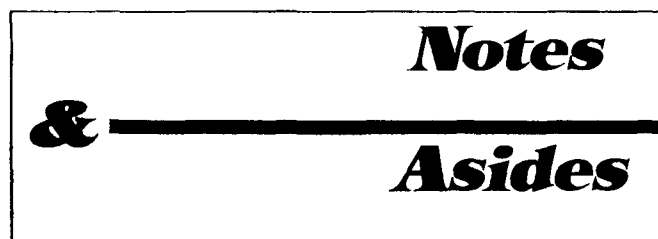
No one knows who would have won between the two great fighters; but Ali never fought a heavyweight like Louis.

Louis's powers of expression are apparent in his recent autobiography, a minor American classic made out of his own taped memories—direct experience viewed through a remarkably clear mental lens. In its directness and lack of illusion, Louis's prose is in its own terms like that of Caesar or Grant. He reveals, for the first time, and lyrically, his love affair with the late skating champion Sonja Henie. He discusses his opponents with absolute accuracy. He is the least embittered victim of the IRS. He is a thorough American patriot.

On the day Louis died, Jersey Joe Walcott, whom Louis had twice defeated, was supervising some training in a gym. When Walcott heard the news he wept uncontrollably. When he recovered, he said: “I just lost a great friend. We lost one of the great Americans. The man has been an inspiration to so many people in so many ways.” In Hamburg, Max Schmeling said simply, “Joe was a boxing genius.”

About Billy Conn, an exceptionally agile boxer who gave Louis problems, Louis once said a memorable thing: “He can run, but he can't hide.” In the shadow of the death of this great American athlete, and great American, those words take on a universal resonance.

Quite possibly, at one level, World War II really was about Joe DiMaggio and Joe Louis.



■ Dear Mrs. Wells:

I had a most engaging letter from Barnaby Conrad (III), the gist of which is that I must give you a recipe for your new book. I have been reluctant to do so not so much from any fear for my reputation, but for yours, since no red-blooded American would buy a book including a recipe by me without demanding his money back. The fact of it is that I am 55 years old, that I cooked feverishly during two summers, age 14 and 15, that I made a considerable sum of money from my cooking—something on the order of \$24 or \$25 per summer. I produced a most delicious fudge, which I sold via an old ladies' institution in Sharon, Connecticut at 65¢ per pound (with nuts,

75c). My father was so unkind as to point out, somewhere along the line, that the economic model after which I had fashioned my enterprise was unrealistic inasmuch as I used exclusively ingredients provided gratis by my father's kitchen. Anyway (for a double portion): 1½ cups of milk, 4 squares of Baker's chocolate, ½ pound of butter, 2 cups of sugar. Stir until you see what looks like discrete globlets. Test these by dripping, by teaspoon, a drop or two. If they come down fragmented, you must leave the mixture under boil. If they come down whole, you are ready to lift the mess off the stove. (On no account should you pass by stage two from inattention, because the effect of this is a granular fudge.) At this moment, you should add a tablespoon of salt and, a minute or two later, two to three teaspoons of vanilla extract. The point of waiting this long is that you must not allow the vanilla to evaporate. If you are living in the post-industrial revolution you may submit the whole to a blender, adding nuts or not, according to market demands, always assuming you are not a supply-sider: in which case you should add the nuts *malgré soi*. The beating should continue until the stuff is very nearly cool, and only then pour it into a plate. Beyond that, I know only how to make a stew composed of ingredients from the Democratic platform, but that would be coprophagous.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

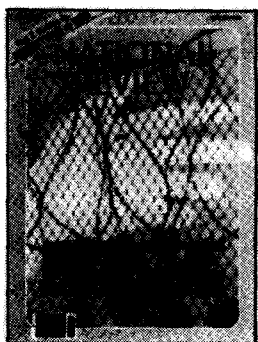
■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

We are getting a lot of inquiries about the absence of Keith Mano. Keith's fans should be told that he was given a leave of absence at his request so that he can finish his magnum opus. He'll be back in a few weeks.

■ Memo to: William F. Buckley Jr.
From: Jim O'Bryan

The May 30, 1980 cover of *NR* won an Award of Excellence from the Graphics Design: U.S.A. Competition.

Jim: Congratulations to you and photographer Jan Lukas.



■ Dear Bill:

I hasten to pass on a bit of intelligence just received, that the late Louis Zukofsky voted for WFB

for mayor of New York: demonstrating the distance LZ had come from the days when he was one of Whittaker Chambers's Marxist friends at Columbia. (I think I've told you how WC recruited him for the Party; he was vetoed by Ma Bloor herself, as a visibly implausible passer-out of pamphlets on sidewalks.)

In haste,
Hugh [Kenner]
Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Md.

■ Gentlemen:

With the establishment of diplomatic and trade relations with Communist China and the expansion of trade with the USSR, a number of U.S. businesses have attempted to cash in on the opportunities. Others would eagerly follow if the still existing restrictions on technology export to the Communist world were further weakened either deliberately or by lukewarm federal enforcement. Particularly dangerous to the Free World is the export of strategic technology and technology of high value to the Soviet weapons industry.

In view of the situation and perils involved, one must ponder the famous observation about a capitalist, who would, in Lenin's view, sell a Communist the rope to be used for his hanging if there were a profit in the deal.

A modest proposal is therefore made. That *NR* establish a Coil of Rope Award to be given annually to the U.S. corporation which provided that technology most valuable to the Communist bloc in its drive for world conquest.

Three nominees might serve to get things rolling—Occidental Petroleum for its development of Soviet oil reserves, Ford Motor Company for its role in building the Kama River Plant and helping Soviet trucks roll into Afghanistan, and Spawr Optical Research Inc. for its clandestine export of high-technology laser mirrors to the USSR through a West German intermediary.

NR readers will doubtless be able to think of others, and nominees could be listed annually. *NR*'s editors could pick the most deserving recipient at year's end.

One final suggestion—we could, coincident with the award's establishment, set an example for our liberal friends by specifying that the award will be retired after the third year in which there are no nominees. (A Sunset clause.)

Sincerely yours,
Richard R. Levin
Glendora, Calif.

Dear Mr. Levin: Fun. But don't you agree that nation-to-nation boycotts should be collective enterprises? Cordially,
—WFB

The Current WISDOM



*Leaks,
Death,
And Taxes*

NEAL B. FREEMAN

AH, LEAKS. Nothing so pristinely serves the people's right to know as a leak about one's political opponents. Comes this week an answer to the question, "How much is a Vice President worth?" Or more exactly, and appropriately, this page being the redoubt of personal journalism, "How much is Walter Mondale worth?" According to O'Connor and Hannan, a Minneapolis-based law firm that has seen its Washington "branch" outgrow the home office in the last decade, W. F. Mondale Esq. has a current market value of \$200,000 per year (guaranteed); another \$200,000 in consultant and director fees; 20 per cent of any new business generated for the firm (rain-making, in the parlance of the legal racket); offices in Washington and Minneapolis; two staffers; office space for a "political aide"; and unlimited time off. So states the firm to the former Veep in a recent letter, a copy of which found its way into the eager hands of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

A handsome offer, one would reckon, for a fellow who spent the last four years saying, "How're ya feeling today?" But no—the former Veep spotted an insect in the lanolin. As a partner of O'Connor and Hannan put it in an interview with the *American Lawyer*, "We made it clear he'd be expected to be an active lawyer here." It should be noted that the anonymous partner launched that particular spitball *after* Mondale had spurned O'Connor's offer, but the point is well enough made: the former Vice President has never been celebrated for his Stakhanovite work habits.

More to Mondale's liking, evidently, was an offer from the Chicago-based Winston and Strawn, which offered him \$175,000 guaranteed plus a profit share in the \$65,000 range for an "of-counsel" arrangement. (Of-counsel arrangements can take a variety of shapes, but they always permit the firm to use the coun-

sel's name on the stationery and they never oblige the counsel to do any heavy lifting.) Comments the deadly spitballer from O'Connor and Hannan: "It's going to take a million dollars in billings to break even. There are plenty of direct ways to finance Mondale without hiring his law firm."

■ A prominent Washington lobbyist—yes, Washington is the kind of town where lobbyists can become prominent even without holding their hats over their faces—tells the story of the late Representative Bill Steiger and his fight for lower capital-gains taxes. One day in a congressional hearing room, the boyish Steiger, a Republican from Wisconsin, approached the lobbyist in his earnest way and said, "Sir, we've got to do something about capital formation in this country. I've introduced a bill to cut the top capital-gains rate by a significant percentage." The lobbyist looked at the frail congressman—Steiger suffered from diabetes—and replied: "Son, that's a great idea. I couldn't agree with you more." A few months later, the scene was replayed, with Steiger reporting, "Sir, I've got six co-sponsors for my bill to spur capital formation." The lobbyist patted him on the arm and said, "That's real fine work, son. Keep it up." A few more months passed and Steiger again approached the lobbyist. "Sir, I've now got 15 members supporting my bill." The lobbyist reached out to pat Steiger on the back when the congressman continued, "... and they're all on Ways and Means." Summoning all the dignity at his command, the lobbyist responded, "Perhaps we ought to have lunch, Mr. Steiger."

It is a curious phenomenon, this legacy of Bill Steiger's. He made his argument with clarity, with passion, and with a notable absence of partisan maneuver. Perhaps just as important, he made it generously, almost anonymous-

ly, showing no fear of political claim-jumpers. Today the constituency for a reduction in capital-gains taxes is somewhat different from, and in our estimate broader than, the constituency for the more widely discussed reductions in personal and corporate income taxes. The force behind this constituency, surprisingly, was not spent by the cuts of 1978, which reduced the top capital gains rate from 49 per cent to 28 per cent. If anything, the movement is gaining momentum and may bring forth a bill this year regardless of what happens to Kemp-Roth or to the larger economic package drafted by the White House.

If we had to guess, by picking the figure most frequently used as "an example" by number-crunchers, we would suggest that 70 per cent of capital gains will be excluded from income, up from the current level of 60 per cent. This change would have the effect of cutting the top capital-gains rate from 28 per cent to 21 per cent, even if the top rate on individual income remained at 70 per cent. Democratic Representative James Jones, an old back-bench buddy of Steiger's, has even been using his new podium as House Budget Committee Chairman to muse about wiping out the capital-gains tax altogether.

Whatever the specific numbers, reduction of the capital-gains tax could happen, and it could happen this year.

■ We recently sat through a screening of recruitment ads for the Armed Forces. Lots of them. In crude fiscal fact, we sat through damn near \$117 million worth of them, that being the advertising tab this year to induce young America to volunteer for the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines. After the first ten minutes or so, we imagined that we had stumbled into the wrong screening room, one where the pitch was not for the Army but for the Institute for Human Potential or the Center for Self-Actualization. Be selfish. Rip off the government. Be all that you can be, and the hell with the other guy. Inspiring Free World stuff. If this campaign isn't working, and the evidence is overwhelming in support of that possibility, perhaps we might change the focus of the next hundred million dollars' worth of ads. Perhaps we might put something in there about the other guy, and about duty, and honor, and country. Just a thought. □

The Palestine Ploy

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THE ALLIED divergencies I wrote about in my last column include, quite prominently, an important difference of approach on Middle Eastern problems. Although the difference concerns tactics, methods, and priorities, it is also, in the deepest sense, philosophical.

To simplify: the Reagan/Haig view is that the main problem in the Middle East is Soviet expansionism and that top priority, therefore, has to be given to ways of countering it. The EEC view, largely the brainchild of the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington (who expounded it to Secretary Haig on his recent trip to Washington with Mrs. Thatcher), is that the real problem is the Palestine question, to which, therefore, top priority must be accorded.

Since these views are so clearly divergent, it was necessary for the British to find a formula that would disguise the divergence. Hence the Prime Minister and her Foreign Secretary have been saying to any handy listeners that the two approaches are "complementary." Well, that is one way of putting it.

Soviet Exploitation

Let us look first at the elements of convergence (for there are some). That "Palestine" is a festering sore is true. I have never been much impressed by the Biblical basis of Menahem Begin's irredentism, and it was always unfortunate that the creation of Israel (which I warmly supported at the time, and still do) was attended by the departure/eviction of Palestinian Arabs in large numbers, turning them into refugees with a grievance and a cause.

The Palestine problem is not only important per se, but also and not least because it is the kind of cause which the Soviets are adept at muscling in on and exploiting for their wider purposes. The rationale of the EEC initiative to solve the Palestine problem (and the point of convergence I mentioned) runs thus: Palestine gives the Soviets a pretext for intervening in the Middle East and confers upon them a regional acceptability they would otherwise lack; remove the Palestine issue, and you re-

move the Soviet excuse for doing what they do.

There is something in this, of course, but it is only a relatively small part of the truth. It overlooks the fact that the Soviet threat to the region would exist even if the issue were removed.

Soviet subversion powerfully contributed to the downfall of the Shah, and Soviet subversion right now is strengthening the hand of the Tudeh party, along with the Mujahedin and Fedayan fighters, for the next revolutionary opportunity that comes along.

Soviet aggression in Afghanistan has brought Soviet military power to within three hundred miles of the Gulf. A Soviet satellite in South Yemen is a potential threat to the Strait of Hormuz; if it were closed, the Japanese and West European industrial machines would come to a halt in days.

The Reagan/Haig approach and its order of priorities are correct, and the EEC/Carrington approach, in contrast, is piecemeal.

None of this means, however, that Palestine is unimportant or that it is not desirable that the problem should be solved. Imagine for a moment that it were solved, in a manner that guaranteed Israel's security (a mighty flight of the imagination, that, as we shall see; but let us make it, provisionally), and what would we have? Peace in the interminable Arab-Israeli conflict; peace in Lebanon; an end to a contentious issue that bedevils prosperity and sours relations; an end to embargoes on firms trading with Israel; reduced American military aid to Israel.

None of this is derisory, and the search for a solution to Palestine is in no sense an ignoble objective. The question therefore is whether the European initiative stands any chance of achieving an objective that has eluded all comers until now.

The Arab-Israeli contention is a *conflict*, and a fairly long study of conflicts tells me that conflicts are not resolved. If they appear to be "solved," it is because one party to the conflict has been forced to yield to the other. The main parties to this particular conflict are the PLO and the State of Israel (the PLO

having become, by dint of persistence, cunning, and an excellent sense of public relations, a kind of embryonic state, with its "government" and its quota of international recognition).

The European initiative envisions bringing the PLO into negotiations (in itself a form of recognition), on condition that the PLO recognizes Israel (and therefore its right to exist). This the PLO is understandably reluctant to do, since the proposition that Israel is illegal and illegitimate is really the Organization's *raison d'être*.

The Israelis, on their side, will have nothing to do with the European initiative, on the grounds that the PLO is a terrorist organization dedicated to Israel's destruction.

The U.S. Is Right

This impasse may be thought an unlikely basis for success. But there is a more fundamental flaw in the initiative, for 1) the PLO is at least in part an instrument of Soviet policy, and 2) there is never any point (other than appeasement) in negotiating with the USSR or its proxies from a condition of weakness. There again, the American approach is correct. If the West does build its strength in the Middle East, as Reagan, Haig, and Thatcher want, the Syrians and the PLO may be weaned away from the Soviets (as Sadat of Egypt was); and the Israelis may be persuaded that security guarantees other than a piece of paper will be forthcoming.

At the heart of the divergence between the EEC and the U.S. lies a difference of philosophy. The philosophy of the EEC is that "peace" is more important than anything else; which leads to appeasement and setbacks in the Third World War. The new American philosophy is that some things are worth fighting for. The U.S. philosophy could lead to a bloodless victory over the Soviets; and to a Palestine settlement into the bargain.

In this area as in Africa, it is more than ever important that President Reagan should assert his leadership and that he should decline to be swayed by European arguments. □

LETTER FROM PARIS

The Hot Money's on Giscard

NICHOLAS KING

DE GAULLE has been dead for a decade. Long live, therefore, de Gaulle.

It is a suitable epigraph for this moment in French history. The Fifth Republic has been in place since the General created it in 1958. The election of a new president will only confirm the endurance of Gaullist institutions which, though they prick and chafe occasionally, continue to serve the historical and economic requirements of the country. And the Republic, as it used to be said rather more ominously about the Empire, is at peace.

The next president is very likely to be the present one, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who would continue to rule and to reign for another seven years. The elections begin at the end of this month and end with the second round of voting on May 10. A two-round election is a phenomenon that Americans, among others, have some trouble envisaging, for it allows, indeed encourages, a total realignment of forces between the two ballotings. And it means that a voter will often deliberately pull the lever against his chosen candidate in the first round in order, paradoxically, to assure his victory in the second. So opinion polls and detailed forecasts are often useless in predicting the outcome, especially in view of the traditional French attitude toward the asking of personal questions such as voting preferences. Nevertheless, there are few reasons for believing that France will choose to embark on a new political direction right now or at any time in the immediate future.

This does not mean that French politics have not been agitated in recent weeks and months, or that various sorts

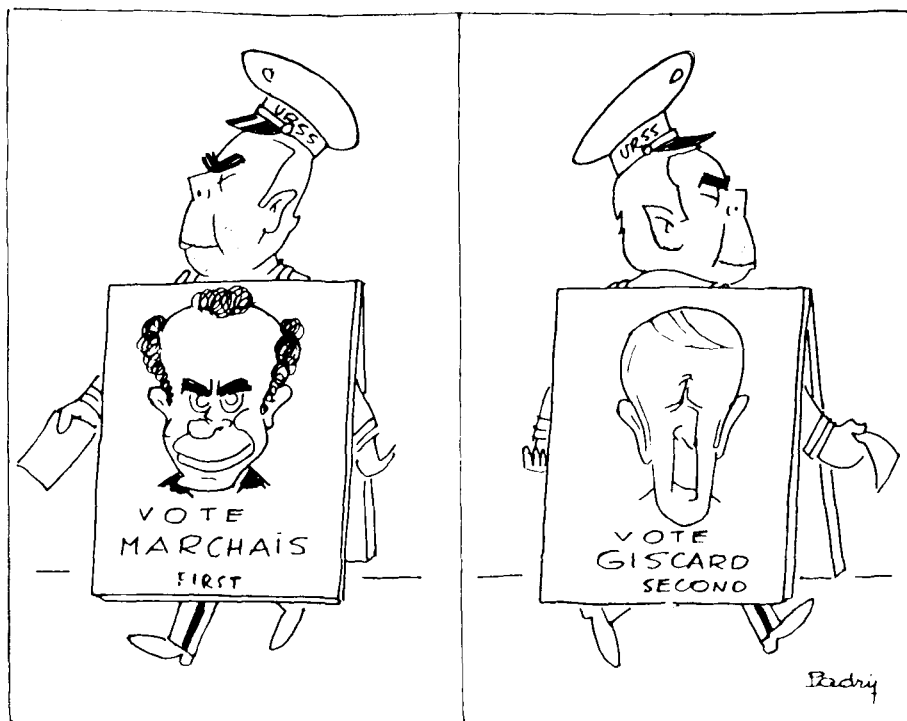
of electoral aberrations have not been gleefully rehearsed. The forces of the non-Communist Left, led by the old Socialist warhorse François Mitterrand, proclaim the certainty of their victory. Mitterrand will have nothing to do with the still menacing French Communist Party, although he would no doubt benefit from a good many Communist votes in the runoff election. There are two other principal candidates, the CP's man, Georges Marchais, and the "Neo-Gaullist" Jacques Chirac, the Mayor of Paris and a former prime minister, who charges Giscard with having betrayed the General's heritage.

Giscard himself is very much in the ideological—and practical—mold of his conservative predecessors, and like them has been accused of behaving like a monarch. But then the Fifth Republic was devised by de Gaulle with a monarch—himself—in mind. The French president is the most powerful executive of all the rulers of the Western democ-

racies, a good deal more powerful than the American President for example. He can choose his cabinet and his prime minister, none of whom has ever to run for elective office. He can likewise dismiss them, asking no one's authority or approval, though in the case of the prime minister he must dissolve the legislature to do so—this, too, without any other authority save his own. He can invoke varying states of national emergency in order to apply a decree that would otherwise be constitutionally unacceptable. He can exercise considerable influence over the judiciary. He controls the state television and radio. In a country alive to the least nuance of prestige, he is the fountain and source of ten thousand desirable distinctions.

'Me or Chaos'

Furthermore the National Assembly is elected for a different term of office—five years—and therefore the legislative election does not coincide with the presidential one (except every 35th year, should the Fifth Republic still be around). So that the election of the president, being concentrated on the choice of one man alone, has the allure, and sometimes the working, of a plebiscite: "Choose me or choose chaos,"



Padry, Le Herisson

Rothco

Mr. King was a UPI correspondent in France and subsequently served as press attaché in the U.S. Embassy in Paris. He is the author of George Bush: A Biography.

was the favorite threat of de Gaulle, and although it is no longer uttered, the emotional force is still there. Order and stability, along with national prestige, have been the watchwords of the Fifth Republic's chief magistrates, and they remain the basic slogans of Giscard's appeal. All this is reason enough for France's allies, and the rest of the world too, to pay close attention to what happens. If he is re-elected, Giscard will be in control of things until 1988, the year Ronald Reagan would finish his second term.

It is easy to forget how well France has done for itself in recent years. Though inferior to West Germany in industrial production and in soft GNP figures, France manages to dominate the Common Market politically, it has solidified its partnership with the Federal Republic, whereby it claims to be more "Atlantic" than Bonn, which is no more than the forever taken for granted European partner of Washington. In East-West relations, the French have sought to maintain their cherished Gaullist independence, or at least its aura, despite Giscard's rather clumsy handling of the Kremlin. In Africa, on the other hand, France has been a major player. The "scandal" surrounding the gift to Giscard of a quantity of diamonds from the tinpot if sanguinary Emperor Bokassa of Central Africa was an *aubaine* for the president's critics. The larger perspective of the episode, however, was a reminder of how strong a grip France retains on her numerous former African colonies, with a good many of whom she has favorable trade arrangements and in some of whose territories she has the right to maintain troops.

The French economy is, as always, the target of much vituperative complaint on the part of Frenchmen, though they are well pleased by the hardness of the franc, and France of course struggles like the rest of the world against inflation and high unemployment. But France is the first country in the West to achieve a substantial degree of liberation from the bondage of imported petroleum: oil now accounts for less than 50 per cent of the country's energy requirements. French exports, puffed up sometimes by clever politics but also by a formidable grasp of modern marketing, have made their way successfully in old and new mar-

kets alike, in China as well as the countries of the West. France has been able to share the millstone of its agriculture with its Common Market partners, and most impartial observers, if backed into a corner, would have to acknowledge that the country was prosperous.

The campaign itself has been long and specialized in the French manner, which means that it has bored most of the public. There has been much television, and Giscard has had a good deal of exposure as the "citizen candidate" geared to the velocity of *toi-et-moi* viewers. Of course there have been rude questions, especially in the matter of those diamonds, and of certain interferences in the courts. But Giscard is a smoother performer than his rivals, who strike attitudes—even Mitterrand—that are reminiscent of social realist posters. In fact it appeared to be a measure of Giscard's self-confidence that he announced his candidacy officially only a few weeks before the election date.

King Giscard

In the midst of press allegations concerning Giscard's royal style, a spate of books has appeared accusing the president of absolutist dreams, longings for blue blood not rightfully in his veins, and a thirst for the ritual of a kingly court. These discussions provide relief from the day-to-day electoral tedium, but they unwittingly enhance Giscard's prestige. For since the monarchical style is almost built into the Fifth Republic, anyone with the slightest feel for power is going to look regal if not downright autocratic. No doubt there will someday be a return to the cozy anarchy of the "republic of deputies." For the present, the system of a strong executive remains a valid instrument of French democracy.

One great question about all French elections as far as France's allies are concerned is how the Communists will do. The French Party is still substantial, powerful even, after so many years of stagnant opposition. It is still able to pull almost 20 per cent of the electorate over to its lists. It regards its principal enemy as not the Giscardists or the Gaullists but the social democrats, with whom it broke openly in the legislative

elections of 1978. The betting is that its candidate, Marchais, will get about 15 to 18 per cent of the votes on the first ballot.

The Communist rallies in this campaign have been lukewarm; the old enthusiasm of the militants is no longer evident. The postwar generation of Communist adherents is growing old. The veterans are turning into static hard-hats who want to exclude the new proletarians, like immigrant labor, from the benefits they have come to enjoy over the years. Incidents of Communist violence against African workers' families in the Paris suburbs have shocked liberal opinion. In many cases, the Communists' stated social goals have been overshot by non-Communist governments, and even if Mitterrand should win, he has promised not to bring any Communist ministers into his government, a difficult promise not to keep. For this and other reasons, the Communist leadership is calling on its supporters to abstain in the second round of voting; it would prefer them to vote for Giscard rather than for Mitterrand, but it dare not say so.

De Gaulle would certainly have claimed the atrophy of the French Communist Party as one of the main goals of his legacy, and of his logic. □

States of Anxiety

State of the nation:
Racked with inflation.

State of the state:
All but prostrate.

State of the city:
Very unpretty.

State of the poor:
Far from secure.

State of defense:
Simply immense.

State of mankind:
Deaf, dumb, and blind.

State of affairs:
Up for repairs.

—CORINNA MARSH

MIGHT IT COLLAPSE?

DMITRY F. MIKHEYEV

I CANNOT SEE into the future; I do not intend to make any wild predictions. What I do plan to do is attempt a rigorous analysis of the situation in the Soviet Union and advance a few cautious assumptions.

Let me qualify my endeavor right off: I have no accurate statistics. What you are going to read is the reflections of a man who has been watching the Soviet Union for 38 years from several vantage points—from the far-off provinces, from the dizzying heights of the capital city's university, and through the microscope of a labor camp.

If one attempts to view the enormous, unprofitable concern known as the USSR in the most detached way possible, a question immediately springs to mind: How long can it go on? A couple of years ago I got a job at a run-of-the-mill Soviet factory, first as an electrician, then as an associate engineer. I soon realized that the factory was a total mess. Not a square foot of space was left uncluttered; the inventory was mounting, and there was no way of shipping the products, which were extremely shoddy. I came to the conclusion that within a month or two the factory would have to close.

Reality bore out my prediction—in a sense. Some time later, the manager and the chief engineer were fired, bonuses were not paid for three months, and target figures were lowered. But the factory is still creaking along, turning out substandard products and doing exactly as all other industries do, as the whole country does. My failure as a seer taught me caution; the world's largest concern may have a long future, even if it positively swims in the red, for no bidder in the world auction is able or willing to buy all its stock.

The Soviet Union has long been chronically and incurably ill. As far back as 1960, speaking at a closed session of the Party's ruling body, Nikita Khrushchev bemoaned the country's grave economic circumstances. In December of 1969, Leonid Brezhnev spoke of zero growth. Today, even official growth statistics fall behind the mean European figures, and the planned targets are permitted to shrink. In all likelihood, the year 1970 was a watershed; thereafter, all growth of the Gross National Product ceased, as indicated by a host of indirect symptoms: glaring shortages of foodstuffs and consumer goods; an unheard-of explosion of prices that far outstripped sporadic wage raises given this or that category of

workers; the scaling down of housing construction; and more.

The situation would be far worse, even critical, had it not been for the rapid growth in world prices of gold, oil, and other raw materials, thanks to which the Soviet Union must be grossing up to \$10 billion a year in foreign-exchange income; and had Western credit not been accorded in an amount at least equal to foreign-trade earnings. This has enabled the Soviet Union, for example, to pay for the huge grain purchases it needs. But even so, the worsening economic problems have resulted in a lowering of the standard of living, starting in the early Seventies.

Since I was in labor camps from 1970 to 1976, I had a good chance to compare the economic state of the country in those two periods, unclouded by the gradualness of the deterioration. My first impression upon my release was of the absence of a number of different foodstuffs and other goods. High-quality brands of salami, tea, coffee, canned goods, chocolate, and citrus fruit, for example, that were abundant in 1970 (at least on the counters of Moscow and Kiev stores) were conspicuous by their absence six years later.

Even while the list of widely available goods was shrinking, prices were skyrocketing: a twofold price increase for taxis, vodka, cars, gasoline, imported shoes, and furniture; a threefold increase for furs, carpets, and cut glass; a fourfold increase for coffee, gold, and jewelry. Hardly a commodity has been untouched by price increases.

This decline in the standard of living has taken place against a background of increased expectations for a higher quality of life, thanks to what might be called an import of desires. This process started and reached its peak in the Sixties after Khrushchev lifted the Iron Curtain a bit. People in the Soviet Union were suddenly aware of the existence of a huge variety of goods and started craving their own apartments, cars, and country cottages. Mass production of passenger cars, launched in the Sixties (though de-emphasized several years later), gave a huge impetus to the spread of the gospel of consumerism. The car is not just a com-

Mr. Mikheyev, born in the Soviet Union in 1941, is a physicist. From 1970 to 1976 he served in a hard-labor camp for political prisoners in the Urals, USSR. He came to the West in July 1979 and now lives in New York.

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modity; it is a sort of consumer item itself, with its own insatiable appetites.

The housing crisis, which had significantly abated in the previous two decades (1955 to 1975), has surfaced again, largely because people are no longer content to live several families to an apartment, and because urban populations are growing by leaps and bounds. (Peasants are sure of getting jobs in the labor-hungry urban market.) Recently, the first symptoms of an impending energy crisis have surfaced. In the winter of 1979, street lighting in Kiev was turned down to half of its previous, none too high, intensity. Almost all large factories in the city were closed down for several days at a stretch because of energy shortages.

Soviet citizens generally react to the lowering of their living standards in one of three ways: by loafing, by stealing, or by drinking. The first of these is practiced primarily by white-collar workers who are paid fixed salaries. A person drawing a fixed salary does absolutely nothing, as a matter of course. For this reason, the state deliberately fixes salary rates at improbably low levels; millions of people receive no more than seventy or eighty rubles per month—and, in turn, they continue to treat loafing on the job as a legitimate right. (For purposes of comparison, in 1979 women's boots imported from Austria retailed at 95 rubles a pair.)

The second kind of sabotage, stealing, is practiced by all who can; that is to say, anybody who can find something to steal, does. This is so entrenched in the Soviet mentality that the state pays salesmen a meager seventy rubles a month for a demanding job, because it knows they will make up the difference by stealing from the customers. Soviet factories are surrounded by ten-foot-high fences with barbed wire on top. The fences grow each year in height and strength (nowadays, they are made of prefabricated concrete) to prevent theft and absenteeism during work hours: women leave for an hour or two to stock up on food or consumer goods, men to buy vodka which they drink right on the production floor.

Design and research institutions both suffer from and practice other kinds of sabotage. Scientists and engineers play chess, read, take long smoking breaks. But the prime form of sabotage is hidden: the design institutions themselves will delay the completion of projects in order to squeeze triple pay out of customers on pain of disrupting their plans; research establishments will choose dead-end projects if they are better subsidized than productive projects. The state is

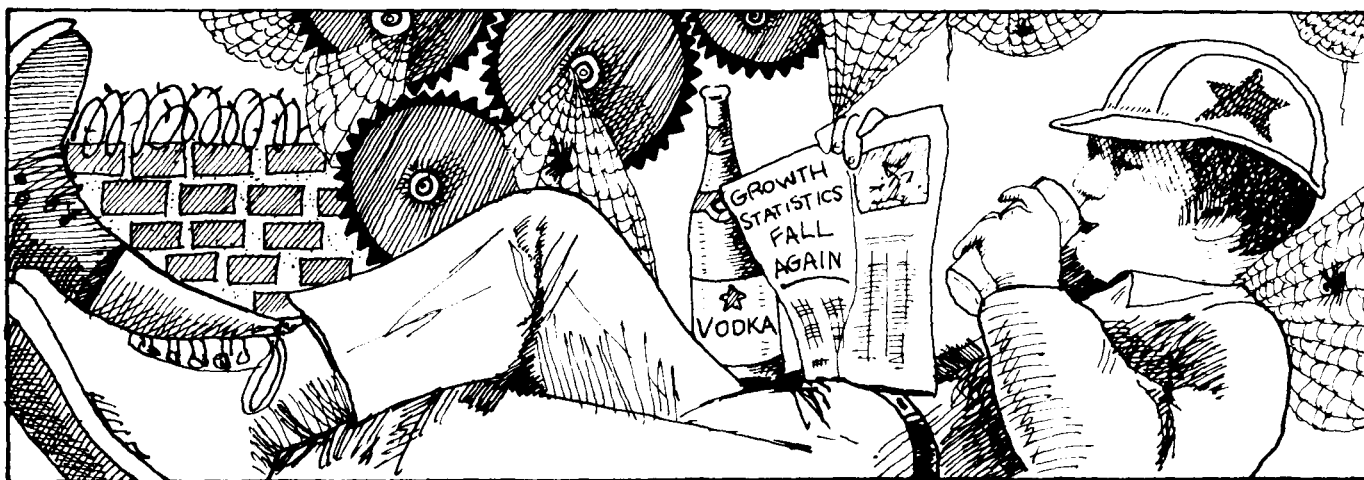
fully aware of such subterfuges, but it is hard to catch these men of science red-handed. So sabotage is combatted by increasingly harsh disciplinary measures, forced agricultural work, and a freeze on the ridiculously low salary rates.

The most effective, though less deliberate, kind of sabotage is drinking. I have no accurate statistical data, but I know that alcoholic beverages account for fully one-third of the USSR's domestic trade volume, and there are areas of the country where the daily alcohol consumption per capita, including women, old people, and children, is slightly more than half a liter of vodka. But in the view of an average citizen, tens of billions of rubles and millions of partly functioning alcoholics pale beside the terrible sight of hundreds, thousands of prostrate drunks dotting city pavements.

In 1970, not far from the Kremlin, I saw a drunken woman sprawled in the slush and next to her a man on all fours, his face beaten to a pulp and a pool of blood under him. People were streaming past, but no one came to their aid. My Moscow friends simply shrugged when I told them what I had seen. At that time, you would not have seen anything like this in Kiev; but, six years later, there too winos were everywhere, and my Kiev friends, just like the Muscovites, were indifferent: "Why worry about them? There are so many alcoholics that helping them is a full-time job."

These are the main kinds of sabotage reflecting general dissatisfaction. Sounds strange, "general dissatisfaction," doesn't it? Surely some people must be satisfied! Yet, paradoxically but significantly for today's Soviet psyche, all strata of the population, even those enjoying material and legal privileges, are dissatisfied with the way things are in the country.

I classify the active population of the Soviet Union (aged 16 to retirement) into the following eight strata: Party and state rulers, profiteers, intellectuals, urban workers, rural workers, students, the army, and the prison population. The eight strata differ in their living standards, way of life, and psychology. As for the ideological aspect, alas, Soviet society presents a very meager spectrum; roughly speaking, it falls into just two groups: non-thinkers and free-thinkers. The former include all those who "think" as they are told to; the latter, those capable of cerebration, however limited. It should be noted in passing that a significant proportion of the ruling clique—those of them who both receive information and process it—definitely belongs with the "free-think-



ers." A separate group—the "dissidents"—is made up of "free-thinkers" who dare to speak out.

But let me consider the eight strata one by one:

1. *Party and state rulers.* The first stratum consists of those who qualify for special privileges—chauffeured cars, state-provided country cottages, access to scarce food and consumer goods, etc.—that are not financially quantifiable but that confer a unique status and provide an entirely closed way of life for the privileged. People in this category have no contact with normal life: buses, minute apartments, waiting in long lines. Numerically, this layer is small, not more than 200,000 out of a total population of 240 million. Its frame of mind is as primitive as can be—hold on to the privileges—while its morale is exceptionally low, for it is aware of the hostile environment in which it lives.

2. *The profiteers.* The "temporary" difficulties in supplying the population with necessities have turned into shortages as a permanent fact of life. In turn, the shortages have brought forth a whole stratum of people who can contrive to provide premium commodities and services, at outrageous prices. Naturally enough, the grabbers not only hail shortages, they help maintain and even create them. Hence they constitute a real prop of the regime.

This stratum is quite strong—up to five million—and is buttressed by an old-boy network and protected by the authorities, who are only too glad to have a layer of people who will help them keep the masses in a permanent state of semi-hungry anxiety. The grabbers kowtow to the upper crust but despise the rest of the people as suckers. In turn, the people hate and despise the profiteers and view them as the immediate cause of material inequality and permanent shortages. In the inevitable future disturbances, the grabbers are doomed to suffer.

3. *The intellectuals.* Soviet rulers have mistrusted intellectuals since the first days of the Bolshevik regime. At one time, they resorted to systematic physical elimination of the intellectuals, but later it was discovered that some of them (rocket-builders, propagandists) could be useful to the regime. The rest—teachers, physicians, low- and middle-level researchers, engineers and technicians, librarians—are automatically ill-treated on the theory that as long as their labor output cannot be verified it can be reasonably assumed that they produce the bare minimum, if that. Accordingly, fully half of the intellectual and professional class is paid at a level below the subsistence standard (estimated at roughly 120 rubles a month). The rulers thereby kill two birds with one stone: they channel the intellectuals' excess mental energy into the quest for additional income, and they discredit them in the eyes of the rest of the people. The intelligentsia glean a lot of information from Western radio broadcasts, and they understand a lot, but they are so scorned and humiliated as to be totally impotent in galvanizing and directing popular discontent.

4. *Urban workers.* There is no working class in the Soviet Union; its place is taken by hired hands, urban laborers deprived of all rights except the right to labor for the state. They work hard, live hard, curse, drink, own practically no property, and are full of resentment. Seventy per cent of today's urban toilers were yesterday's peasants. While waiting their turn for an apartment, they are forced to live for up to ten years in factory hostels, as often as not two or three

young families to a single room, drawing an average of 160 rubles a month in wages. To leave the job means to forfeit apartment eligibility, so those who have worked in a single place for four or five years become, for all practical purposes, the factory's property.

Every year (with the blessing of the "trade union," naturally) the management raises production targets by 5 to 6 per cent—without any technological improvements, so the only way to meet the new targets is to sacrifice quality. The factory is bombarded with customer complaints, and the management responds by increasing the bloated quality-control staff—to no effect, because the managers then turn around and force the quality-control department to pass inferior products anyway, since they must "fulfill the plan." The upshot is that the plan is fulfilled, but none, repeat none, of the finished products meets the technological requirements. This is why Soviet consumers detest home-made goods, and why the state prefers to buy its equipment in the West.

The lumpenproletarians and the deracinated young in all likelihood will constitute the initial combustibles in any future confrontation

The stratum of urban workers can in turn be divided into three distinct categories: middle-aged and older family people; young workers who have cut their ties to the village without putting down new roots in the city; and lumpenproletarians, most of whom, having despaired of ever providing for their families properly, have turned to the bottle and sunk to the bottom of society. They mill in their thousands around beer kiosks and the liquor counters of food stores; they are utterly poor but free in spirit; they hate the police and are liable to gather into mean fifteen- to twenty-man packs. It is these two latter categories—the lumpenproletarians and the deracinated young—that, in all likelihood, will constitute the initial combustibles in any future conflagration.

5. *Rural workers.* These are predominantly old men and women. They lead a patriarchal way of life devoid of any domestic conveniences, of any semblance of culture. This category is so fragmented and steeped in worries about acquiring the bare necessities of life that they can hardly be expected to be an active force for change.

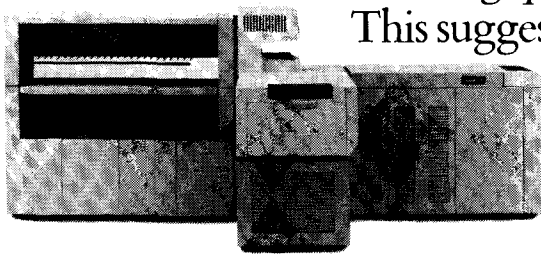
6. *Students.* Soviet students are in no way an active political force, unlike their Western counterparts. There is a possibility, however, that some of them, particularly trade-school students who live in large groups away from home, will take part in the general disturbances.

7 & 8. *Prisoners and the army.* The populations of the prisons and the army constitute the two hungriest layers, full of pent-up anger and deprived of all rights. They are comparatively strong numerically (five and seven million respectively) and consist for the most part of young men torn away from home who have absolutely nothing (the prisoners) or very little (the soldiers) to lose. The status of a conscript is



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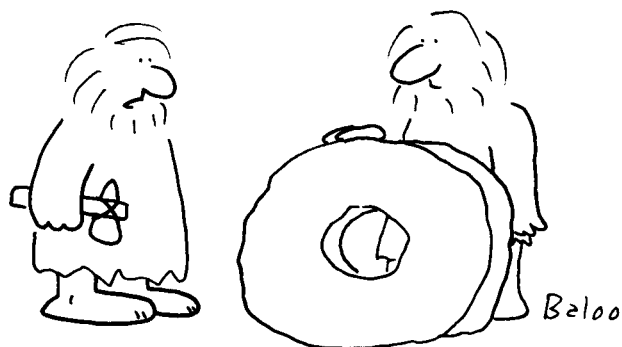
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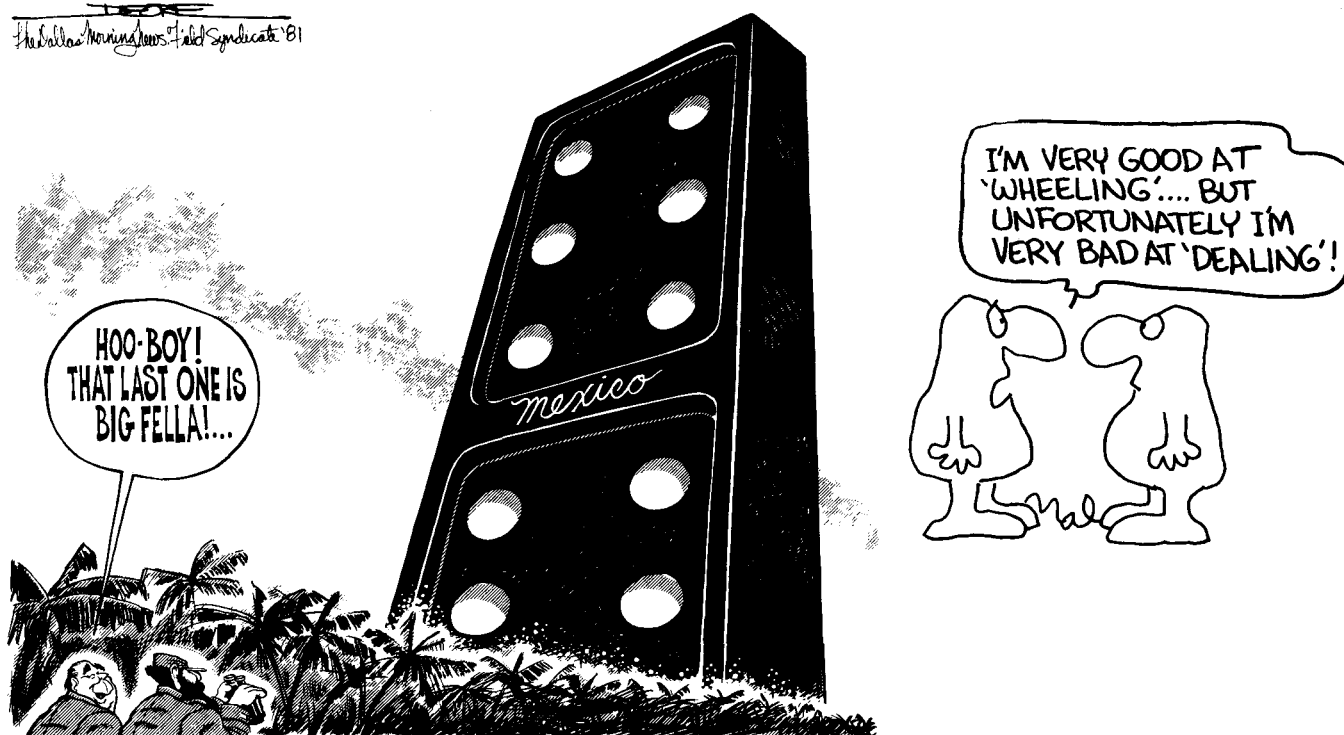
"If it doesn't work, we can always recall it."

As I Was Going to Capitol Hill

As I was going to Capitol Hill
I met a man with seven bills;
Every bill had seven emendations,
Every emendation had seven regulations,
Every regulation had seven restrictions,
Every restriction had seven mitigations,
Every mitigation had seven reservations,
Every reservation had seven interpretations.
Regulations, restrictions, bill upon bill:
How many lawyers on Capitol Hill?

—GEORGE CLOWES

The Dallas Morning News Field Syndicate '81





WINGMAN
THE PRESENCE
OF A BULLETIN

MACNEIL THE RAMMOND NEWSLEADER
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hardly distinguishable from that of a prison inmate; during the two or three years of army or prison life they develop so much bitterness and anger that, given an opportunity, they could turn into a fearsome anarcho-criminal force.

While prisoners will undoubtedly play a part in the coming disturbances, taking revenge on the police, the Communists, the philistines, and the stores, the role of the army is not nearly so clear. On the one hand, Soviet soldiers have always been notoriously docile. But, on the other hand, it is common knowledge that the troops that occupied Czechoslovakia had to be replaced very rapidly to avoid total demoralization, in spite of the fact that they were confronting foreigners—strange, alien creatures. But suppose they are asked to face their compatriots?



If anything can unify the Soviet people, it is universal discontent. In all other respects, each stratum is at the very least antagonistic and often openly hostile toward the others.

Even more basic than the socio-economic and ideological categories I have listed is the division of Soviet society into two major groups: the urban and the rural populations. A comparison of extreme cases—say, the inhabitants of a large city and those of a remote Great Russian village—will show a gap as large as that which separated the nineteenth century nobility from the serfs. A Moscow residence permit confers so many privileges that the lucky Muscovite is hard-pressed not to look down on the “bush people” as lesser beings. In turn, the peasants, who have been subjected so many times to outright robbery, humiliation, and physical threat over the past 64 years and who have to live and work in inhuman conditions, envy and, I am afraid, hate urban folk.

The same pattern persists throughout the more detailed breakdown of strata. The workers dislike and despise the professionals and intellectuals as parasites or semi-parasites, leeching on the working people; the intellectuals respond in kind, holding the toilers in contempt as brutes and alcoholics, while being jealous of their imaginary privileges. Prisoners hate the guts of “free” men for being able to “gorge themselves, drink their fill, and sleep with women”; these sentiments are shared by servicemen. Profiteers are hated by everybody; but they in turn hate the suckers who are their customers. Nobody likes the police; prison inmates are treated with a mixture of fear and mistrust. Only the army elicits kind feelings from all strata of the population. People pity the young conscripts and show respect for the officer corps.

But can we say that this universal dislike bordering on hatred amounts in any way to genuine anti-Communism? What is the popular attitude toward Communists, and do the people see any alternative to the present system?

The attitude toward Communists cannot be described in simple terms. It would be naïve to think that everybody hates them, suffocates under their yoke, and prays for deliverance. To be sure, such is exactly the attitude of most present and former prisoners (a not inconsiderable segment of the population—at least twenty million people), as well as the inhabitants of whole areas of the country (the Baltic republics, western Ukraine). Servicemen and students are on the whole indifferent, as a result of a Communist upbringing that has yet to be offset by the harsh realities of life.

The rest treat Communists as a species of grabber to be disliked and despised, but also understood in purely human terms. Sure, Ivanov joined the Party to obtain a new apartment and a position for which he is not qualified; but, after all, he has a family to support . . .

Nobody doubts that life is better in the West (“Have you heard that in America every worker owns . . .”). But only the very young unconditionally believe Western radio broadcasts. Older people tend to treat all information, whether from Soviet or foreign sources, as propaganda aiming to fool “us.” It is beyond the understanding of the Soviet people that in the West working conditions and attitudes toward work are entirely different; that Western workers work more diligently for the money or the satisfaction—not because they have to “fulfill” a plan.

But there is more: “Crime is appallingly high in the West; nobody dares go out in the streets at night, bosses are arbitrary, unemployment is high, and you have to pay for education and medical care . . . In the West, those who have money can have a good time (like our profiteers). But life is hard everywhere for the little guy, who is forever duped and exploited . . .”

This is the way the man in the street reasons. Without delving into the causes and evolution of the Soviet mentality, let’s note a very significant fact: Soviet people see no viable alternative to Communist rule. Their prescription, if they could so arrange it, would be for a brief spell of anarchy—not by conscious choice, but because they need a catharsis, on a larger scale, of the kind they daily indulge in after work.

If anti-Communism isn’t the answer, are there other forces—external, religious, or nationalistic—that are capable of rending this great, savage empire?

Unlike some of my compatriots, I decline to consider the Free World weak or cowardly. In the long term, democracy

The 240 million people over the vast expanse of the Soviet Union must find out that there is an alternative to the present regime

is stronger than totalitarianism, just as brain is stronger than brawn. Of course, in a direct confrontation a gangster can overpower an intellectual, though he will then have to confront another gangster. But if the gangster is kept at a distance and given no concessions, he is likely to fall of his own weight, for naked force—his sole weapon—is powerless against ideas.

That is why I would recommend that the West increase its ideological assault on Communism *tenfold*, particularly the flow of information. It would be worthwhile, I believe, to spend whatever it takes—even if it takes billions of dollars—to beam telecasts directly into the Soviet Union—to inundate it with exhibitions, cassettes, cultural and informational exchange, books, magazines, microfilms—anything to break the monopoly on information that is the major pillar supporting Soviet rule. The 240 million people over the vast expanse of the Soviet Union *must* find out that there is an alternative to the present regime.



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This, rather than a direct military confrontation, would be the Free World's most effective contribution to bringing down the present Soviet power structure.

But might nationalistic forces perhaps accomplish what external forces can't? The USSR is a unique empire in the sense that its dominant ethnic component suffers the most. No other area of the country is as poor, as miserable as the homeland of the Great Russians. The other ethnic groups that border Great Russia on the west and south enjoy a far better life. True, Russians feel comfortable in the territory of other Soviet republics, but life in Great Russia proper is really appalling.

The Russians complain increasingly of being oppressed by other ethnic groups, while the latter are convinced of the converse, and nationalistic tendencies are thus on the rise. But nationalism runs counter to another trend, Russification. And while nationalism is essentially a spiritual phenomenon nurtured, by and large, by the intelligentsia, Russification is tied to the economic, military, and cultural uniformity of the country as a whole.

Military service is the most potent tool of Russification. First, no unit is composed of representatives of a single ethnic group. Second, conscripts are usually stationed away from their republics. Third, all army and technical manuals are written in Russian.

Of the other national enclaves, only the western Ukraine is strong enough to be able to defend its independence. But since there are very few linguistic and cultural differences between the Ukrainians and the Russians and since, further-

Who will riot and where? Experience teaches that it is not the most needy but the privileged who are most likely to rebel

more, the Ukraine itself is linguistically divided between those (mainly urbanites) who have adopted Russian as their language and those who hold to Ukrainian, future disturbances are more likely to take the form of feuds between urbanites and semi-urbanites, against the backdrop of widespread banditry and pogroms, rather than of an insurrection against the central authority.

The situation is very different in Armenia, Georgia, Lithuania, and Estonia, unified republics with distinctive ethnic, cultural, and religious features, nurtured both by a nationalist intelligentsia and by ordinary people (passers-by or store clerks are likely to ignore questions asked in Russian). But these republics are too weak to take effective military action by themselves and have no friendly neighbors with whom they could pool their forces. The situation in Latvia is similar to that in Lithuania, except that the population of Latvia's capital, Riga, is only one-third native. Without discussing the circumstances in other republics, I will confidently assert that nationalist forces are not strong enough to break up the Soviet Union.

So far, I have all but ignored the machinery of coercion. What immediately strikes the newcomer from the Soviet

Union about Vienna is the absence of policemen and servicemen. In the Soviet Union, one cannot walk a hundred yards without bumping into a man or woman in uniform (add to this a small army of plainclothesmen).

The machinery of coercion—the KGB, the Ministry of Internal Affairs, the courts—is a tool whereby the Party not only strangles the country, but prevents the outcry of the strangled from reaching beyond its borders. At the same time, this fantastically huge apparatus is staffed by ordinary citizens. By which I mean that there are no special kindergartens or schools to rear a special breed of future policemen. Ordinary school graduates join the army and enroll in security academies and in law schools. They do become a breed apart, but only after a certain amount of time during which they get accustomed to special privileges.

However, the machinery of coercion has grown to such immense proportions, while the economy of the country has dramatically deteriorated, that the state can no longer instill a proper zeal in its security services. So, the security personnel are as derelict in their duties as is the rest of the nation. It is this factor, nothing more, that accounts for the “liberalization” of the regime.

The efficiency of the policing function could be improved only by a radical restructuring, by giving it greater independence. But the Party dreads such an approach, just as it recoils from any manifestation of initiative or independence. Thus, its only recourse is to increase still further the numerical strength of the security agencies. And this has become prohibitively expensive. For instance, for the Olympics, whole police units had to be transferred to the cities from the provinces, leaving the provincial security system accordingly weakened.

The machinery of coercion is incurably ill, with all the ailments of a typical Soviet agency. It commits enormous resources to the struggle against unarmed, disorganized people, and only just copes. All the more reason to believe that it will not be able to move fast enough to stamp out any sudden disturbances that may occur.

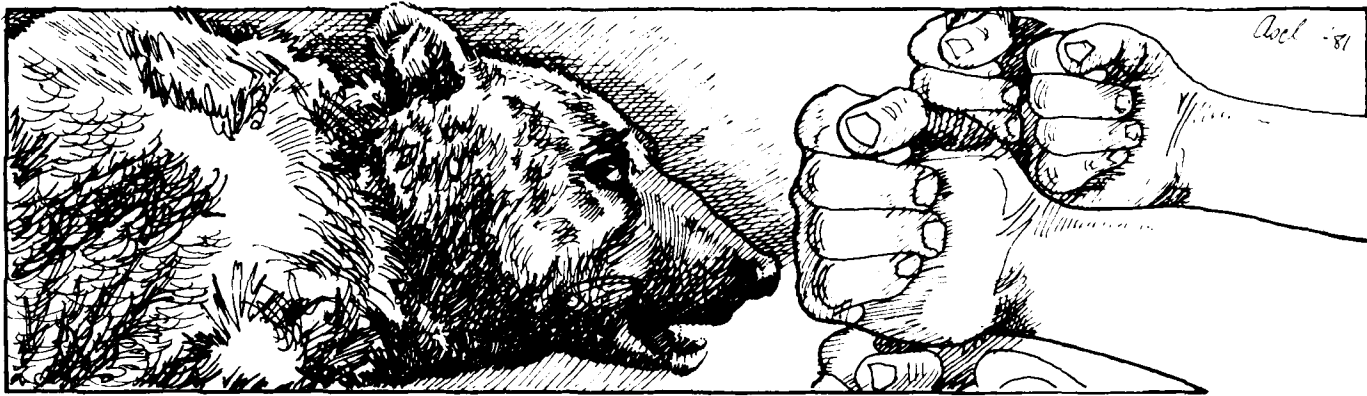
Concentration of power and resources is the chief advantage of a totalitarian state, especially in the international arena. But inordinate centralization can contribute to disorder if the power center is paralyzed (for example, as a result of internecine battling in the Politburo).

Centralization of the transportation and supply networks adds to the system's vulnerability in case of disturbances. Soviet citizens spend much time traveling to and from work—up to two hours in Kiev, even three hours in Moscow. Early in the morning, hundreds of thousands of people arrive in the city by electric commuter trains and change to municipal transport, which is 90 per cent electric. So, if the city's power grid broke down, 90 per cent of the people simply would not be able to get to their jobs. Cities in the West face the same problem, but the USSR's vulnerability is far greater, given the lack of a huge number of private cars able to serve as a back-up transportation system.

Last but not least, the Soviet economy is operating at the limit of its capacity, without the 20 per cent reserve of the Free World, so just one week of disturbances will be enough to paralyze the country totally.

So what just might happen?

The first question is, Who will riot and where? Experi-



ence teaches that it is not the most needy but the privileged—when stripped of their privileges—who are most likely to rebel. Now, to really affect the country, disturbances should occur at major industrial centers. In other words, they should take place either in Moscow or in the Donbass coal basin, and might be brought on by abrupt food shortages.

The conflict may flare up on any pretext, provided the time is right: for instance, the end of a shift—or a football game. Lumpenproletarians are the most likely to get the ball rolling; say, by starting a skirmish with the police. Workers can be expected to join the fight out of their ingrained hatred for the police, and out of general bitterness. Once the police detail has been routed, the next step is to loot the liquor department of the nearest food store. Then the mob will move on to other stores, gathering troops as it goes.

This is roughly the way disturbances get under way in all countries and all epochs, but in the Soviet Union they may acquire unique features, owing to a number of factors. 1) In all republics, in all regions, close to every city there are labor camps and prisons containing up to two thousand inmates each; 2) the USSR does not have a substantial class of owners capable of defending their homes and stores, thereby putting the brakes on the disturbances; on the other hand, 3) there is no possibility of organizing or preparing a serious uprising in advance; and finally 4) even most of the Soviet rulers yearn for change, so it is not unreasonable to expect that initially many of them will encourage the disturbances as a way to oust their entrenched superiors. (They will, of course, cease aiding and abetting the rioters if it becomes apparent that the Communist system itself is being seriously challenged.)

It follows then that riots will probably be ignited by a sudden spontaneous explosion, that they will be very bloody, and that they will have a good chance to spread, for in unexpected crises the Soviet system tends to vacillate. However, lack of organized opposition, of an alternative to the Communist regime, or of a social base will almost certainly cause the rioting mob to disintegrate into gangs that will terrorize the largely passive populace. All this will not last long nor go beyond the borders of one or at most two regions, for the rulers have incomparably better communication capabilities than the rioters. And they are not averse to using naked force.

But the riots could be serious enough to cause the substitution of younger and more vigorous leaders for the old guard, and the new leaders can be confidently expected to resort to the proven method of economic liberalization

to still the agitation. This does not mean that several thousand rioters will not be jailed and several scores of them executed; but a relapse to true Stalinist terror is all but impossible, for the slave labor of scores of millions of prisoners cannot come close to solving the problems of productivity and quality, i.e., the technological problems of the Soviet economy.

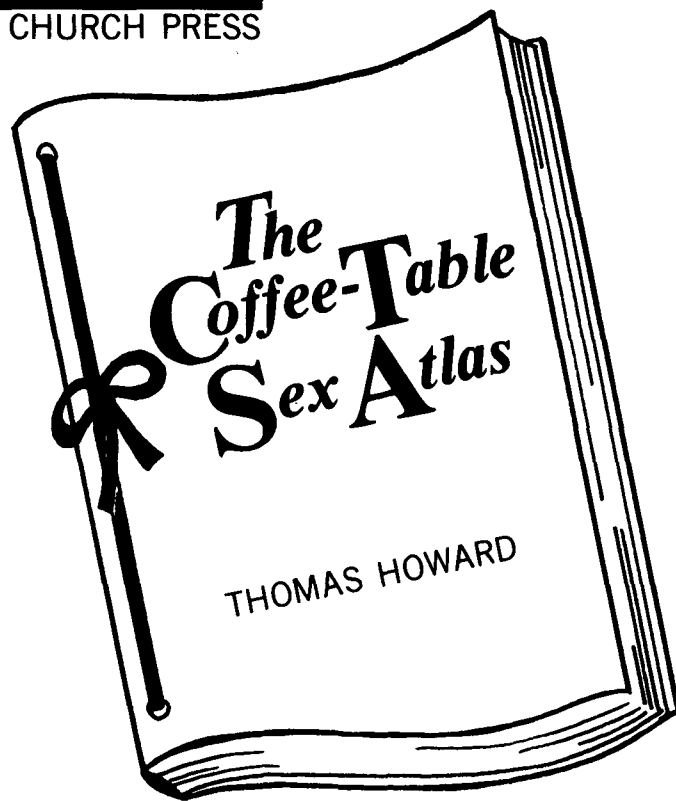
Twice, in the Twenties and the Sixties, the Party experimented with economic liberalization, and in both cases the results exceeded all expectations. Yet, both times the experiments were cut short lest the Party lose control over the economy, which would have inevitably resulted in the loss of political control. Today, the menace to Party power is less direct. Indeed, the Party hardly risks anything by giving a measure of freedom to economic managers; they are without exception Party members and will serve even more loyally for a chance to take care of their own welfare independently. The difference is that the privileges that previously were given will have to be earned.

Neither will the Party be risking anything by sweeping away the bankrupt kolkhoz system and introducing the semi-collective agricultural system that has been successfully tested in the western Ukraine: farmers are given considerable tracts of land and a free hand to do what they please; outwardly, the farms are still based on the collective principle, but productivity is doubled!

The power of the Soviet rulers is threatened, but not so much politically as economically—by the economic independence of their subjects. Paradoxically, then, the Party actually risks nothing by granting a measure of economic freedom, since it has all but lost control over the people's incomes anyway, as is amply proved by the emergence of the black market as a potent rival of the state commercial system. Stealing, moonlighting, and smuggling account for no less than a fifth of each family's income. By giving economic managers greater freedom, the Party will be able to regain control over illegal transactions and to galvanize the economy of the country—actually strengthening the system, at least in the short run. If Poland takes advantage of the present internal strife to break free of the socialist camp, it will be a major achievement and a harbinger of the eventual liberation of East Germany. But I see no such relief for the USSR.

I know the anguish of those who dream of a free Russia; I know how difficult it is to live in exile without hope of returning home in the foreseeable future. But unless we learn to rein in our hopes we will simply prolong our suffering. □

FROM A CHURCH PRESS



ONE OF THE MOST bedeviling facts of the human condition is that you cannot resolve questions of value by piling up observations and data. You cannot, for example, arrive at "Thou shalt not kill" by amassing endless statistics about how many human beings there are, and how much more intelligent (watch out: what do you mean there?) we are than flatworms and aardvarks, and how most people prefer to be alive rather than dead, and so forth. Information is inert. Roses are red, $2+2=4$, Mozart wrote *divertimenti*, the Saxons arrived with fire and sword: all of these data are as dull as ditch-water unless there is a "better" and a "worse" built into the whole enterprise, and unless you and I have some capacity in us that corresponds to those two qualities.

How do you go about expostulating with a madman on Fifth Avenue who has suddenly taken to dumping babies out of carriages? "You mustn't do that!" you shout, and try to stop him. But if he is stronger than you are, and merely muscles you aside with, "Out of my way: I get my jollies like this," and if the passers-by turn out either to share his view or not to care, then your appeal will be fruitless, for two things are

lacking: first, some agreed-upon notion as to what constitutes well-being for infants; and second, some power available to guard that notion.

All tribes and cultures and civilizations, from Sumeria to Samoa, and from Cathay to Castro's Cuba, have proceeded on some such assumptions. You cannot keep a society cranking along unless there are some universally regarded sanctions that preside over things. This is not, of course, to say that there has ever been a society where those sanctions have done all that they were drawn up to do. That is why there are such things as moral codes and laws and penance and gibbets: somebody was not playing fair. Neither Hammurabi nor Moses nor Confucius quite managed to expel sin. And when you have visible and highly placed flouting of what is supposed to be agreed upon, it becomes more and more difficult for the populace to avoid becoming jaded, cynical, and desperate. If "Thou shalt not lie" is supposed to obtain but is applied to no one's Form 1040 but your own, and if "Thou shalt not commit adultery" is on the books somewhere while a dionysian frolic is going on year after year at Versailles or Easthampton, then things (your nerves, your morals, and the fab-

ric of society) begin to fray. Or perhaps we should put it this way: it is not so much the tinkering with 1040s nor the frolics themselves that wear out the fabric: after all, sin has been about for some time now. Rather, it is the public and official dismantling of the sanctions.

Two items may be observed about this process in societies. First, it need not be officialdom itself which does the dismantling; indeed, it seldom is. All the Byzantine emperors, all the Renaissance cardinals, and all the kings at Versailles were officially Christian; their murders, intrigues, and fornication notwithstanding, none of them suggested any updating of Old and New Testament moral canons. It was a matter not of disbelief, but of hoping that confession and absolution would take care of the consequences. (It may be noted here that bawdy is a byproduct of absolute moral standards. When Chaucer's Miller and Reeve are being bawdy, even filthy, they, their hearers, Chaucer, and we readers jolly well know it, and may laugh accordingly. Chaucer, an amiable and merry Catholic, was not starting a moral revolution, to be brought to fruition by Messrs. Freud, Ellis, and Kinsey.)

In our own society we see a piquant variation on this theme. Our rulers, for the most part, have preserved some official patina of morality, at least on the more lurid points. When, as gossip will have it, a Roosevelt or a Kennedy wished to keep tryst, at least it was huddled into railway sidings or behind closed White House doors. To this extent, the ancient canons were acknowledged. We have had two Presbyterians, a Roman Catholic, and two Southern Baptists as Presidents in recent decades, and most of them have more or less visibly and vocally assented to official Judaeo-Christian morality. That is to say, none of our Presidents has led the van in *redefining* morality from top to bottom.

And yet, despite the general official assent to traditional Judaeo-Christian

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canons, we as a society have achieved precisely the redefining of the whole business in the last thirty years or so. It has arisen, in our case, from the "researchers," from the special-interest power blocs, and from faceless committees, in Washington and other fathomless regions, who quietly assist in the metamorphosis of education, public dialogue, and moral vision.

The second item that may be observed about this process in societies is that the breaking loose from so-called moral codes tends, with embarrassing regularity, to narrow down to one smallish subdivision of the codes, namely the sexual. What the discovery comes down to is that sex—all kinds of sex—is vast fun, and that we are weary of apologizing to Jehovah, our superegos, Mrs. Grundy, or anyone else.

What is perhaps at least partly new in all this is to find one of the sentinels at the embattled shrine of ancient sexual canons allowing it to be popularly supposed that she is eagerly assisting at the plunder of the shrine. The sentinel in question is the Episcopal Church, one of whose publishing houses, namely Seabury, has undertaken to publish a massive refutation of everything that the patriarchs, prophets, evangelists, apostles, bishops, doctors, fathers, and martyrs *thought* had been taught on the topic of sex by Judaism and Christianity.

The item here is a vast, in fact a coffee-table-sized volume titled *The Sex Atlas*. It is, in effect, an encyclopedia, containing exhaustive information on the whole field of sexuality. It is copiously illustrated with both photographs and drawings, the drawings themselves ranging from diagrams of Fallopian tubes and that sort of thing all the way to the renowned drawings from Japan, India, Persia, and Greece that museums keep in their back rooms. It must be said in behalf of the photographs that they are a *tour de force*: there is every act here you ever wondered about, quite myopically recorded; although, I must say, the level of prurient interest is, *mirabile dictu*, zero. And this is not because the photographs are ugly or poorly done. They are quite beautiful. It must be the exceedingly astute use of such qualities as black-and-white (there are no color pictures) and graininess that accounts for this.

The whole thing is very "scientific,"

if by this we mean the business of amassing data and of speaking in an apparently neutral tone of voice most of the time. The tone is eminently reasonable. We learn of anatomy, and of puberty and adolescence and masturbation, and of conception and birth, and then a great deal about varieties of sexual taste and of how different cultures have responded to these varieties, and so forth. All is lucid, measured, objective, and plausible. So much so that when you arrive at photographs of homosexual fellatio or three-way lesbian sex, or at drawings of bestiality, pederasty, and anal coitus, or at Japanese prints depicting turbulent and complicated scenes involving titanic phalli, you have long, long since forgotten that what is being pictured here with such open and research-like candor has ever been the topic of anything like *moral* speculation.

THE FOOTING has shifted underneath us somewhere. Here you are, reading away, carried along with sheer good sense and plausibility and psychological health, and, if you wake up at all, you wake up finding yourself having lumped Moses, Isaiah, St. Paul, and St. Thomas Aquinas in with Cotton Mather, Mrs. Grundy, and Queen Victoria. What you have quite forgotten is that it was not the dowdy Queen who cooked up the strictures so patronizingly catalogued here in *The Sex Atlas* ("fanatical oppression" or "the barbarism which oppresses," and so forth). Neither, *pace* Mr. Erwin J. Haeberle, the author, was it the Puritans. Nor was it the Roman Catholic Church, nor Christianity, nor Judaism. Rigorous sexual canons—let's face it, the word is *taboos*—are universal. No religion, no tribe, no civilization, has ever done anything other than surround the sexual phenomenon with high and prickly hedges. Not even Samoa. What *The Sex Atlas* fails to bring home to us is that these wonderfully normal and natural scenes of bestiality and pederasty and buggery have been rather widely supposed, for some millennia, to be obscene.

The difficulty is, once more, that in order for there to be anything right, there has to be something wrong as well. In order for mathematics to work, we must object to the liberty entailed in the proposition $2 + 2 = 3$. In order for

traffic to work, we must quash everyone's ebullient spirits and restrict drivers to the right side of the line. In order for a gymnast to achieve that glorious mastery that makes us catch our breath, he must renounce all sorts of entirely plausible and pleasurable and reasonable things which his appetites incline him to (lots of beer and pizza, say, or all-night benders). His regimen looks ascetic and life-denying to the merry, munching bystanders, but he has something else in view. That is his sole and forlorn apologia. The same goes for the scholar, the ballet dancer, the violinist, the farmer, and the saint: their "style of life" in each case has been brought into rigorous subjection to some good that supervenes the inclination of the moment.

But, it will be urged here by the author of *The Sex Atlas*, don't you realize that we have, in fact, moved into a new age? What do you think the whole point of the researches of Freud, Havelock Ellis, Bloch, Hirschfeld, Wilhelm Reich, Kinsey, Masters and Johnson, and the rest has been? Has it not been to untie the Gordian knot of fear, prejudice, and tyrannical superstition and prudery that has throttled our real sexual health for so many millennia now?

Indeed, when this point is touched upon in the *Atlas*, the "scientific" tone disappears and we find ourselves suddenly listening to the evangelist. Mr. Haeberle, who speaks with such dulcet urbanity and vast detachment as he describes the varieties of sexual activity available to us, speaks with some heat when he comes to questions of value.

We may, for example, agree or disagree with the following point, but we will recognize the moral urgency in the tone: "People who ask, 'But what do homosexuals *do*?' only reveal by that question that their own heterosexual relationships suffer from a lack of imagination. This kind of restrictedness demonstrates once again how people can become totally alienated from the erotic potential of their own bodies. It is another indication of the sexual barbarism that oppresses both 'heterosexuals' and 'homosexuals' in our society."

Or, speaking of Havelock Ellis's reluctant introduction into English of the word "homosexuality" as a phenomenon distinct from heterosexuality: "However, we would do well to realize that, from

the very beginning, these mutually exclusive categories oversimplified and prejudged the issue. Indeed, they could originate only in a repressive culture where the full range of human sexual capacities was no longer accepted. Any culture that draws an artificial dividing line between homosexuals and heterosexuals thereby betrays a highly peculiar and very narrow view of human nature." There is, of course, a very great deal of truth in what Mr. Haeberle points out here. What becomes difficult to keep in mind as one proceeds through the book, however, is that a number of the great and ancient moral codes of the world have, for whatever reasons, interdicted homosexual activity (not to be confused, of course, with homosexual inclination). To show pictures from ancient pottery as though they reflected what Persian and Greek religion taught is like digging up the pages of *Hustler* as data for the history of Christian morals.

ON THIS point we also find this: "In the past, it was mainly the socially dominant heterosexual population which created its homosexuals by so labeling certain persons who did not conform to its narrow sexual standards." Or, speaking of the Jewish view of male homosexual intercourse and sexual contact with animals, Mr. Haeberle points out that even today "these harmless behaviors" are treated in some states as

crimes. Here again, it would seem inquisitorial indeed to prosecute someone for this sort of sexual activity; but, for any Jew or Christian (or Moslem, for that matter) reading this account, two difficulties arise: first, may we say with quite such blithe insouciance that these "behaviors" are harmless? There are some thousands of years, and some thousands of societies, that do not concur. Or is the substitution of Mr. Haeberle's code for the prophets' based on the notion that if it is new it supersedes all else? Moses was wrong because he was primitive. Kinsey is right because he is recent. Is that it?

The second difficulty for anyone who stands in an ancient tradition is that Mr. Haeberle locates the wellsprings of these ancient ideas in society. Some people (e.g., the Greeks and the Chinese, the Arabs and the Jews, the Europeans and the Africans) have thought the gods had something to do with it. Was it Yahweh or "the dominant heterosexual population" that came up with these canons? If it was the latter, then where in your research, Mr. Haeberle, did you discover that Yahweh is no more to be reckoned with than Snoopy?

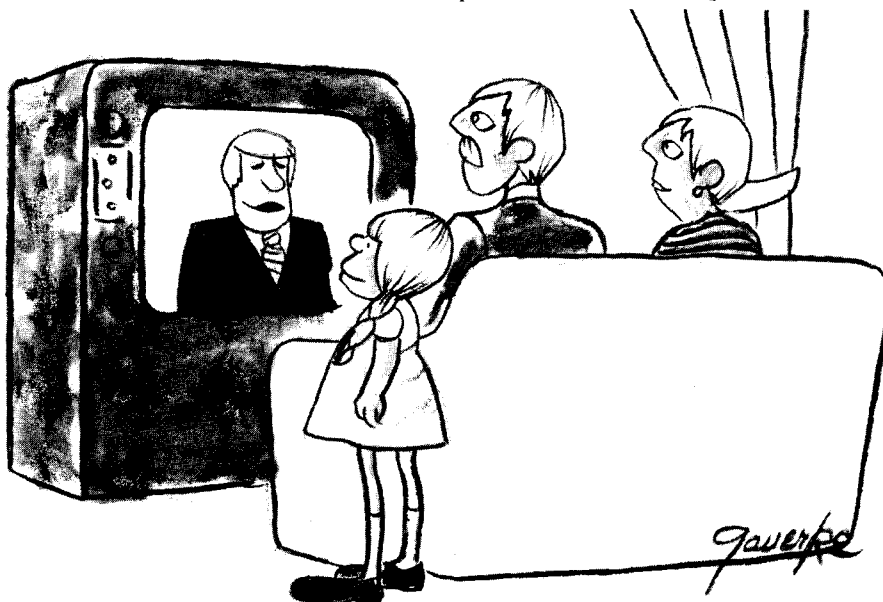
Some of the positive prescriptions in *The Sex Atlas* are expressed as follows: "... we can safely assume that even the most unusual sexual tastes could be satisfied if people were given a chance to look openly for willing partners [do we open the mausoleums for the necrophiliacs, Mr. Haeberle?]. In some cases,

such partners might have to be paid for their services [a donation to the gravediggers' union is indicated], but except for totally bizarre or destructive sexual wishes there should be no lack of gratification." Who will decide on this bizarre category of "bizarre," Mr. Haeberle? You? Havelock Ellis? HHS? Betty Friedan? Perhaps I am a coprophiliac and a cannibal: I do hope you will not bother me.

Of sex in mental-health institutions, the prescription is as follows: "But even within the institution itself sexual relationships might be feasible as long as pregnancies can be avoided. Certainly, homosexual patients should not have to remain abstinent, if they find willing partners. (Needless to say, sex between patients and hospital staff would have to remain taboo, because the latter enjoy a position of nearly absolute power over the former. This could easily lead to sexual exploitation.)" Um—taboo? Why should "absolute power" introduce a taboo? Why shouldn't the staff member enjoy this? Whence do we fetch this axiom? From middle-class morality? From research? Certainly not from Judaism or Christianity: we have long since tucked them well into their archaeological slots.

A FEW sexual varieties do seem beyond the pale that Mr. Haeberle has drawn. "Persons who compulsively make sexual advances to children must therefore be restrained, if necessary by force. Sexual assault on children must be punished as a serious violent crime." The difficulty for us all here is to know just why it should be treated this way. Perhaps I like these tender little bodies. And perhaps, too, I might open all sorts of lovely new windows in some child's imagination. Especially since Mr. Haeberle implies that sexual contact between children and adults need not be traumatic. Who, Mr. Haeberle, makes up this moral court of appeal to which you turn now and again, in this case urging, like Torquemada himself, forcible punishment for violation of some code you subscribe to?

One or two other bits of data which Mr. Haeberle's research has established may bring us toward the finish. "In hedonistic and tolerant cultures, most people are likely to be joyful and sensuous; in puritanical and repressive cul-



"The following message from the makers of Jordasse jeans may be offensive to some. We suggest parental guidance."

tures [do we read 'ancient Israel' here?] they tend to be anxious and inhibited." Here is hard, clear, sober, scientific data for you, straight out of Rousseau, Gauguin, Walt Whitman, and Erich Segal.

But Mr. Haeberle does make a demurrer at the very end: "The final arbiter will be experience, not some unquestioned religious dogma. [Obviously Moses and the prophets and the sages and the apostles had no experience worth shucks: they made up their ideas *ex nihilo*.] There is no objective way of making ethical choices [sorry about that, Socrates, Jesus, Buddha]. In questions of good and evil, we will always depend on feelings, beliefs, and moral traditions." Holy mackerel! Moral traditions scotch-taped on *now*?

But I have been doing Mr. Haeberle a disservice. I have spoken as though he had put about some revolutionary and scandalous view of sexuality. He is to be exonerated. He speaks, mildly enough, for the plain sexual orthodoxy of the day (the galaxy of blurbs on the front cover is absolutely dazzling). He urges nothing at all that does not make vast sense, given the prevailing mythology of our own epoch.

The joker in the pack is the sentinel of which I spoke earlier. It is the Church. Or, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of Amer-

ica. *The Sex Atlas* appeared in 1978 under the Seabury imprint. It is now handled by Continuum, a former Seabury subsidiary, now independent, according to Mr. Michael Leach, the editor at Continuum, who was very affable to me on the phone when I rang to try to find out if there is any official connection between the Episcopal Church ("I'm a member . . .") and Seabury. Seabury is "an" official publishing house of the Church, I was told.

NOW, OF COURSE, not everything that emerges from its presses bears the imprimatur of the bishops. But, rightly or wrongly, in the popular mind, and certainly in the mind of the Episcopal laity, "Seabury" means "Episcopal." Mr. Leach told me in our conversation that there was "no problem" as far as the editorial board was concerned, when the book was being considered, and then published, in 1978. It was fine that the book, which is recommended as a text, appear over the imprint of one of the official Episcopal houses.

But have we not arrived at a second bedevilment (we began with one), namely that what *The Sex Atlas* calls "this narrow view" (Jewish and Christian sexual mores) is exactly what the Episcopal Church teaches? Or have we all

misunderstood the divines in whose apostolic lineage we so strenuously insist we stand (Episcopalianism vanishes into absurdity if you snatch its notion of apostolicity away from it)? Mr. Haeberle says, quite correctly, "Needless to say, the Christian sexual philosophy did not seem arbitrary or accidental to its proponents. On the contrary, to them it appeared as the objective, eternal, and universal truth." (Most intriguing use of the past tense here.) Or, "There is nothing universal or permanent about sexual norms." It was the Bible "that provided the appropriate ideology" for the sexual oppression of women.

My lords and fathers in God: Am I merely an ignorant layman in thinking that "Seabury" carries some residual churchly overtones with it? Or does the House of Bishops agree with Mr. Haeberle's case (which has "Seabury" blazoned on it), and if so, will you vouchsafe us a bull to this effect, and to the effect that all the prophets, patriarchs, evangelists, apostles, fathers, doctors, and divines were ignorant, not to say out to lunch? Or could it be, on the other hand—and if *this* is the case, won't you please speak up—that any of you are among those odd "proponents" who thought Christian sexual morality was objective, eternal, and true? □

Jabberwocky: A Modern Version

'Twas April and the CPAs
Did foot and audit ledgered books;
All flimsy seemed the arcane ways
That sheltered moneyed nooks.

"Beware the IRS, my son!
The laws that bite, the rules that scrunch!
Beware the FIFO trap, and shun
The three-martini lunch!"

He took 1040 form in hand:
Longtime the loophole lairs he sought—
How wrestled he with Schedule D,
With ifs and buts he fought!

But as in baffled mood he burned,
The IRS, not sensing flames,

Just rifled through his tax return,
And disallowed his claims!

Enough! Enough! He called its bluff—
His fiscal blade went snick and hack!
He left it dead, no longer dread,
And went galumphing back.

Oh, he has slain the IRS!
Goodbye to grasping leeches!
O ticker tape! O big parade!
O endless praising speeches!

'Twas April and the CPAs
Did foot and audit ledgered books;
All flimsy seemed the arcane ways
That sheltered moneyed nooks.

—GEORGE CLOWES



Winter before Spring

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

THE SKY OVER Geneva was overcast during most of February, although, people say, a few miles away, up in the mountains, the sky was brilliant blue and the snow-white peaks shone in the sun. Under this overcast, out of the sun, there met this year again, for the 37th time, the UN Human Rights Commission. Each year, for six weeks, representatives of 43 nations sit, like 43 judges, surveying a prepared agenda on human rights in various nations of the world.

Geneva is the most expensive city in the world. It teems with diplomats, experts, technicians, and their families, who arrive with the hard-earned currencies of many governments. Taxi-drivers and restaurateurs, secretaries and shopkeepers, travel services and waiters work around the clock to separate them from their francs. They succeed quite quickly and without pause.

The second thing one notices is security. One is taught to assume that telephones are tapped, that discussions in certain locations ought to be avoided, that with certain persons one ought to be on special guard. Terrorists are of constant concern to diplomats. Here in neutral Switzerland, I have remembered images of our Pilgrim fathers walking to church with rifles over their shoulders. Here the stark, stubby submachine gun fits neatly under the arm.

The Puppets Exit

What have we, then? Cold war? Deterrence? Or something significantly different and far more dangerous than either?

At our sessions, the Soviet Union and China called each other liars in the high pungency of Leninist invective. Each time the representatives of Democratic Kampuchea spoke (often enough to produce comedy) the Soviets and their satellites, including Cuba, as if uplifted by a heavenly puppeteer, jerked

out of their seats and exited together. This evoked mirth from all who only sat and served.

Syria heaped insults on Egypt, and Egypt retaliated. The observer of the Arab League pleaded for Arab brotherhood, then went on longer than brotherhood would commend to kick Egypt once or twice himself. Libya attacked Morocco, whose delegate had replied with malicious wit to Algeria. Sad observers from Chad and Afghanistan arose to say that their nations have not been invaded, only assisted by kindly big brothers.

The quality of rhetoric was not always easy to believe, even as one heard it. Zionism, defined by the UN since 1975 as racism, is now described as the main source of antisemitism. Profits are invariably described as "obscene." (So far at least, no one has spoken of losses as chaste.) Cuba attacks Chile and El Salvador with rhetoric matched to its armed subversions.

The Soviet delegation—led by Valerian Zorin, an amiable, child-faced, white-haired man of eighty, who presided over events in Prague in 1948—has advantages which Western delegations lack. To gain credibility, his researchers have him cite Western publications such as the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, *Time*, and the *Washington Post*. (Westerners can hardly quote TASS.)

The Soviets work full time, having speeches written well in advance (*long* speeches), full of attacks upon their chief targets of the moment, not only for themselves but for their satellites. When Bulgaria speaks, the voice is Moscow's. When Byelorussia speaks, the voice is Moscow's. When Cuba speaks, the voice is Moscow's. They attack every item on the agenda with at least eight unanimous delegations.

Given their own record on human rights, it is one of the wonders of the world that the Soviets sit in the seats of

the judges. One longs to see Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn enter this room. One longs to hear him count the roll of the 65 million citizens killed by Lenin and Stalin, as he does in *The Gulag Archipelago*.

I told one Western delegate, at a reception, that I would in future read the absurdist drama of Ionesco with greater appreciation. He didn't quite catch me, for he said: "UNESCO is even worse!"

Yet, individually, most of the delegates to Geneva are fine people. In the informal moments, one truly enjoys their company. But arguments over human rights, once they have been politicized as here they are, are not like any other political arguments. Human rights are of the spirit. They depend entirely upon the truth. Lies destroy human rights far more effectively than assassins or bomb-throwers. Lies degrade the language, and despoil the intellectual premises, of human rights. They poison the due process of human rights.

Fingers on the Windpipe

Some of our allies assured me that these exercises are essentially harmless, mere propaganda, nothing but rhetoric. But the circle of usable language grows ever smaller. The darkness of Orwellian doublespeak swirls over precious achievements of the human spirit. Human rights as we understand them are not yet strangled to death, but cold fingers are on their windpipe.

Yet human rights do offer the right place to stand and fight. The Declaration of Human Rights is—one of our allies put it eloquently—like a snapshot of the values of the West in 1949 at their high point in history. The whole world, although understanding the basic concepts in other languages and other cultural frameworks, is now using our own most cherished words. It is our job to speak those words as we understand them. We must argue our case, persuade, lobby, and show every political skill required for successful technical work in a commission such as this.

The contest for the future, Solzhenitsyn says, is radically a contestation of the human spirit. It is on the battleground of the spirit that the contest will be decided. The battleground of human rights is most favorable to all that we care for. In this particular overcast valley, we must do our utmost. □

Books Arts & Manners

In Hate with the Past

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Leonard Levy is a remarkable historian with a remarkable fault: he can't quite forgive other centuries for not having been the twentieth. In his case, to understand all is to forgive nothing. In his *Legacy of Suppression* he caught better than anyone before him the historical spirit of the First Amendment; yet far from feeling chastened, he proceeded to insist that we enlightened liberals are not bound by the intentions of the Framers. I don't think I have ever found a historian so little in love with the past.

He confesses his new book, *Treason against God*, to be "unfashionably Whiggish." In love with the past it is not. It is "a history of the offense of blasphemy," as the subtitle tells us. More precisely, it is a history of persecution by Christians. Levy regards Christianity with a steady, solemn, glowing hatred.

"One of the nation's most distinguished historians of Christianity," he says in his preface, "regarded the manuscript of this book as blasphemous—'written,' he said, 'with a deep animus against orthodox Christianity,' and filled with 'gratuitous digs about Christian beliefs such as the Trinity and about Christian theologians.'" I really can't tell whether he is being innocent or ironic when he says, "Having no intention to offend, I modified many statements and deleted the 'digs.'" Levy isn't what you'd call a card. His sarcasms have a heavy and mirthless ring. His intention to offend is patent. Taking out a few digs doesn't alter the clear animus of this book. Suffice it that if a Christian wrote about Jews in this vein he would be ruined.

Levy opens and closes the book with references to a recent blasphemy case in England. A fortnightly homosexual newspaper ran a poem about Christ of such nauseating character that I won't even summarize it, though Levy is glad to (twice). That the paper was prosecuted at all proves only, as far as he is concerned, that "the feculent odor of per-

secution for the cause of conscience . . . has not yet evaporated."

Conscience, mind you. Persecution. It is not the poem but those offended by it who, to him, suggest feculence. Levy puts the issue this way: "Whether the conviction and judicial ruling in the *Gay News* case was [*sic*] enlightened or benighted depends on whether one believes that the downfall of society, the subversion of government, or the dissolution of Christianity is at stake because of a disgusting or shocking literary gaucherie."

But surely this is nonsense. Whether the ruling was wise depends not on what "one believes" but on what is the case. And besides, an offense may deserve punishment regardless of whether by itself it produces social ruin. What sad stuff. As for "gaucherie," surely that is just the wrong word. The offense of the poem could hardly have been unintended: as Oscar Wilde says, a gentleman is one who never hurts another's feelings unintentionally.



Treason against God: A History of the Offense of Blasphemy

By Leonard Levy

Schocken, 414 pp., \$24.95

Treason against God—even the title is a clumsy dig—is little more than an indictment-by-catalogue of Christianity. It is "Whiggish" in tracing a clear line of progress from the evil days when men believed in Christ and killed, to the present enlightened age when "reasonable men have learned that morality can exist without religion, that Christianity is capable of surviving without penal sanctions, and that blasphemy does not even result in breach of the peace."

But some reasonable men have always realized that morality does exist without religion. While he was sloshing about in Aquinas, trying to dredge up scandalous instances of un-Whiggish attitudes, Levy might have happened on the phrase "natural law." And if he had approached the facts in the spirit of the historian rather than the prosecutor, he might have seen more in two thousand years than a serial of witch-hunting. In point of fact he skips over nearly a thousand of those years on grounds the Church was burning people for heresy rather than blasphemy during that time, though he also says it came to much the same thing, in which case why not cover it all?

The book is tendentious to the point of venom. Levy may not believe in Christ, but he believes in an Antichrist.

Arnold Beichman is a critic, essayist, and political scientist, and the author of *Nine Lies about America*. . . . David Brudnoy is a television and radio host, film critic, and book critic, residing in Boston. . . . George V. Higgins, another Bostonian, is a novelist and newspaperman.

The history of Christianity is the history of Christian crimes. One might as well write a history of the enemies of Christianity from Caiaphas and Nero to Stalin and Levy. This grab-bag approach would be perfect for it.

The Jews, Levy says, had some notion of blasphemy but never really gave it juridical expression. It took the Christians to do that. So we have a conspiracy theory of Christianity in which, Levy tells us, the Gospel writers libeled the Jews incoherently (Levy reasons that if two Gospels seem to contradict each other, both must be lying) to ingratiate themselves with the Romans. He tells us the truth is lost in the fogs of time and then explains meticulously why the Sanhedrin couldn't have done anything so base as the Gospels affirm.

The book teems with fascinating and horrifying details of sects and persecutions. Arians, Socinians, Donatists, Ranters, Diggers, Quakers, Behmenists, Familists, Grindletonians, Seekers, Levelers pop in and out. To think what an Eric Voegelin or a Thomas Molnar might have made of them all!—but Levy has no taxonomic categories beyond persecutors and victims (many sects were both, of course!). If a sect called itself Christian and killed someone in the name of Christ, aha! Gotcha! So we get a vindictive and finally tedious accumulation.

That nearly everyone in Europe for hundreds of years called himself a Christian doesn't seem to soften or even shade Levy's portrait. If you survey any continent over two millennia chances are you are going to find some massive horrors—whole populations wiped out here and there. It shouldn't happen under Christianity. It does. And Christianity can be the pretext for it. But so can anything. Levy talks a little in his first chapter about Greek and Hebrew conceptions of blasphemy, but surely there must be others. What about Islam? Correct me if I'm wrong, but wasn't it a fighting faith at one time? Might it not shed some light by comparison?

There is a great book to be written on this subject. But it will have to be written by someone who understands how men can love Christ; someone who feels the radiance of the Gospels before he accuses them of fraud. Only such a man could make the horror of Christian persecution come home. To make all sorts of Christians sound like proto-Hitlers is simply dull—unless you can

also make it vividly apparent what the real horror of Hitler himself was: that he was created in God's image.

That is the sort of thing a Whig historian of all others is least equipped to grasp; just as he is ill-equipped to grasp Dr. Johnson's *mot* about who the first Whig was. □

The Terrible Secret: Suppression of the Truth about Hitler's "Final Solution"

By Walter Laqueur

Little, Brown, 262 pp., \$12.95

ARCHETYPAL DREAM

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

Back in 1944, Arthur Koestler wrote an essay titled "On Disbelieving Atrocities." It begins with this riveting passage:

There is a dream which keeps coming back to me at almost regular intervals; it is dark, and I am being murdered in some kind of thicket or brushwood; there is a busy road at no more than ten yards' distance; I scream for help but nobody hears me, the crowd walks past laughing and chatting.

Koestler says his dream is an archetype in the "Jungian sense: an expression of the individual's ultimate loneliness when faced with death and cosmic violence; and his inability to communicate the unique horror of his experience."

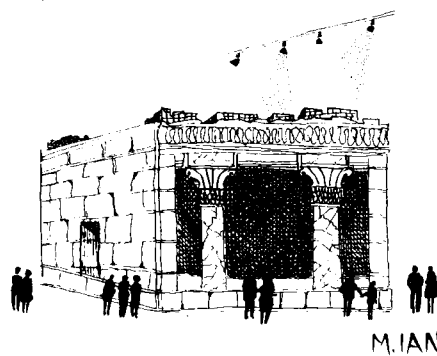
Walter Laqueur's book recalled to me Koestler's archetypal dream. It was no secret by late 1942 that the end had come for European Jewry. Hitler had predicted in 1939 that should war break out, it would mean "the annihilation of the Jewish race in Europe." Between June 1941 and December 1942, an estimated four and a half million Jews had been shot, gassed, burned, starved, subjected to vivisection. Another one

and a half million would die before war's end.

Laqueur makes it quite clear that everybody knew what was happening. Germany was a sieve, and information poured out in a flood for anyone who would listen, read, or ask questions. And "everybody" included the Jews in Germany and in Eastern Europe, as well as Jewish leaders in the United States and Britain. Their reaction may be summarized by a remark of Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter, himself an Austrian immigrant. When Jan Karski, an emissary of the Polish government, told him of the Nazi atrocities against the Jews, Frankfurter replied, "I can't believe you." Karski had been in the Warsaw Ghetto twice and had smuggled himself in and out of the Belzec death camp. When a Polish government official who had accompanied Karski protested that Karski was telling the truth, Frankfurter replied: "I did not say this young man is lying. I said I cannot believe him. There is a difference." And so the crowd went on laughing and chatting along the road near the thicket.

FRANKFURTER was not the only one who couldn't believe, says Laqueur. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, the Jewish Agency, and the World Jewish Congress, all of whom "were flooded with information by their own representatives . . . did not understand what they were reading and did not believe their own informants." Nor did President Roosevelt, Anthony Eden, or an editor of the defunct newspaper *PM*. As a young reporter on that New York daily, I presented him with one of the earliest stories of Nazi atrocities in the Warsaw Ghetto, based on first-hand reports from a Polish Socialist. The editor refused at first to publish the article because he didn't like atrocity stories. The articles were finally published after I threatened to resign if they weren't.

Even earlier, in fact two days before Pearl Harbor, the *New York Herald Tribune* wrote editorially that "the sum of it all [reports from Eastern Europe] indicates that the fate reserved for the Jews by the Nazis is worse than a status of serfdom—it is nothing less than systematic extermination." General Wladyslaw Sikorski, premier of the Polish Government-in-Exile, is quoted by Laqueur as saying in a June 1942 BBC broadcast that "the Jewish population in Poland is doomed to annihilation in



accordance with the maxim 'Slaughter all the Jews regardless of how the war will end.'" He described massacres in six Polish cities. One of two dispatches in the London *Daily Telegraph* in June 1942 began: "More than 700,000 Polish Jews have been slaughtered by the Germans in the greatest massacres in the world's history." Five days later, there was a second dispatch headlined: "More than one million Jews killed in Europe."

Even Mussolini, according to the Ciano diaries, was horrified by the events. In a diary entry for December 4, 1939, Ciano says he showed the Duce a report by an Italian residing in Posen describing "all that the Germans are doing: unmentionable atrocities without reason. The Duce himself was indignant; he advised me to see to it that by indirect channels the American and French newspapers get the contents of the report. The world must know."

Although this entry seems to have been overlooked by Laqueur in his otherwise exemplary researches, I mention it because the author shows how another undemocratic regime, Franco Spain, was more helpful to Jewish refugees "than other more democratic but also more fearful countries, and it even risked some German ill will in the process."

Of all the Allied countries, it is Poland alone, once more a "geographical expression," which seems to have behaved honorably and humanely during this desperate period. It was the Polish underground which transmitted to the West the first news about "the final solution." Says Laqueur: "The Polish case is very briefly that they did what they could, usually at great risk and in difficult conditions."

What accounts for this seeing and not seeing, this seeming callousness, this indifference, this helplessness, this unwillingness to do more than pass UN humanitarian resolutions? Laqueur gives several answers to the question, all of them persuasive. There is one explanation he does not mention, however, one which I propose, while conceding that it is difficult to prove except by analogy.

Laqueur makes the point several times in this important book that the Soviet Union played down the "final solution" in its propaganda. The Soviet press published general information about Nazi atrocities in the occupied areas but "only rarely revealed that Jews were singled out for extermination. To this

day the Soviet Communist Party line has not changed in this respect."

Had Stalin wanted to make an issue of the "final solution," the effect on Britain and, particularly, the U.S. would have been enormous. All one has to do is to recall the effective mass campaign initiated by Stalin for the Allies to open a "second front." Stalinist propaganda experts were to be found in government departments, news media, and trade unions throughout the war, as many ob-

servers realized at the time. Had Stalin pressed his Allies to undertake a campaign to save the European Jews, I have no doubt that they would have acted.

In no way do I seek to exonerate Roosevelt, Cordell Hull, Eden, Churchill, and their staffs from their contribution to this vast tragedy. Yet I have no doubt that, had it been in Stalin's interest to act, the Communist and popular-front organizations would have been able to accomplish what no one was

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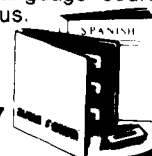
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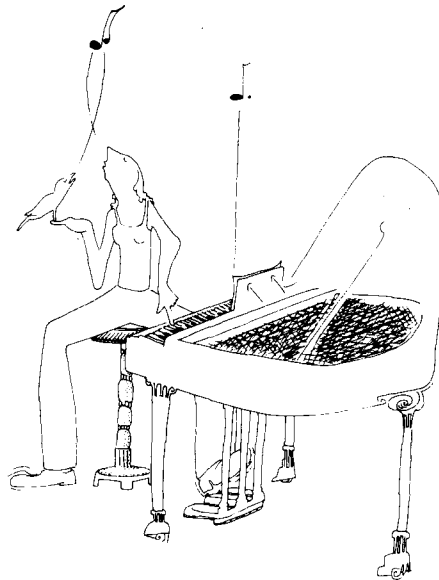
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willing or able to do in the five years of Hitler's oppositionless administration of the final solution.

There is one last point I would like to make about how short-sighted—from a military standpoint—the Allied governments were in ignoring the plight of the Jews. Since, as Laqueur puts it, the victims-to-be didn't believe their fate-to-be, the Nazi executioners had little difficulty in herding their several million victims into the extermination camps. Had the Allies broadcast, by radio or leaflet, day after day, warnings to the Jews as to what was in store for them—the facts were available in great detail—there would have been resistance, sufficient at least to compel diversion of large numbers of German troops and equipment from the battle-front to quell uprisings and administer the camps. But the Allies did nothing. And so the crowd walked on laughing and chatting along the road near the thicket. □



Eisenhower's White House and then had access to all of Eisenhower's records and to Eisenhower himself during the post-presidential years.

How strange, almost archaic, 1951 now seems. Eisenhower was the "liberal," Robert Taft the "conservative." As the "liberal," Eisenhower believed in military strength, universal military service, and the Atlantic Alliance. Domestically, he favored lower taxes and hated the punitive aspects of the tax system. He considered the New Deal/Fair Deal bureaucracy a "national disgrace."

In 1951, the issue between Eisenhower and Taft was "internationalism," which meant that Eisenhower backers were afraid of Taft's isolationism. This was a passionate issue. But does anyone, today, really believe that a President Taft would have abandoned Europe to Stalin and retreated to some Fortress America? The whole issue seems eccentric.

As a "liberal," Eisenhower produced three of the five balanced budgets of the last thirty years. If the Communists should renew the war in Korea, he told a bipartisan group of congressional leaders on January 5, 1954, we would "hit them," even their Manchurian factories, "with everything we've got." He believed in massive retaliation: "[We] have the weapons and planes to do it." He considered the domino theory politically and militarily true. When he sent troops to Lebanon in 1958, he sent an overwhelming 14,000: "When you appeal to force, there's just one thing you must never do—lose. . . . Remember this:

there's no such thing as a little force. You have to use it overwhelmingly."

As it came time to begin his re-election campaign, Eisenhower made a tentative choice for Vice President which ought, in retrospect, to give theoretical pleasure to William Rusher. Ike wanted the conservative governor of Ohio, Frank Lausche, a Catholic. He saw the Republican opportunity among Catholic and blue-collar groups, had made inroads among them and in the South in 1952, and perhaps ought to be considered a kind of precursor of the emerging Republican majority.

In Ewald's book, Eisenhower does not correspond to his popular image, of either then or now. He is cold, intelligent, formidable, a master of (and dependent upon) organization. His goals are everything, his subordinates strictly expendable. He makes them and breaks them at arm's length. His boa-constrictor destruction of Sherman Adams is awesome; underlings do the dirty work, but destruction is inevitable.

Eisenhower also held permanent grudges. "If Eisenhower did have a tragic flaw, it was sensitivity to personal attack. [Emmet] Hughes was not alone. Harry Truman of the 1952 campaign; Adlai Stevenson of the taunts and smears of 1952 and 1956; and Jack Kennedy of 1960—mention of these people's names would forever bring a tightening of the jaw and a reddening of the face." Ewald makes a strong case for the view that Eisenhower never forgave Rockefeller for hiring the political turncoat Emmet Hughes, and that Eisenhower's enmity helped destroy Rockefeller's presidential hopes.

BELOVED by the masses, Eisenhower was not especially lovable. There was something archaic about his remoteness, his extreme dignity, his formality. He was a distinctly pre-modern personality—and for that reason it is perhaps inevitable that he totally misjudged the psychological importance of Sputnik, which was worth less, in his hard-headed view, than a good nuclear-tipped missile. *NR* did see something crucial about him; that he was in important ways not equipped for the modern revolutionary era.

But it was very dangerous to oppose him; indeed, there seemed to be—I say this with at least partial seriousness—a fatality about it. Hitler of course

Eisenhower the President

By William Bragg Ewald Jr.

Prentice-Hall, 336 pp., \$12.95

IKE

JEFFREY HART

In its earliest years, *NATIONAL REVIEW* was a frequent critic of the Eisenhower Administration, and when he left office it summed up the negative case in a major editorial: Eisenhower was a naïf, who found he could not make the case for freedom in a personal argument with Zhukov; he allowed himself to be politically rolled by the roughneck Khrushchev; he settled for strategic defeat in Korea, and a deteriorating situation in Laos; he sat on his hands during the smashing of Hungary; and he failed to reverse the course of statism at home. He was a failure—nay more, a disaster—for us and for the world.

In *Eisenhower the President*, William Ewald returns to those now-becoming-distant years, 1951-60, and makes a strong, close-up, fascinating, and if not uncritical nevertheless positive case. This is a major work, by a man who is a literary critic (indeed, a pioneering Swift scholar), and who served as an aide in

ended badly, and so did Patton. Taft opposed Eisenhower, and soon died of cancer. Truman jumped out of the way, and lived to a ripe old age, but both McCarthy and Stevenson died prematurely. So did Lumumba, and so did Mossadegh. Eisenhower seems to have been a zone of high political energy with which it was dangerous to fool. Only NATIONAL REVIEW did so and survived. □

Palm Sunday

By Kurt Vonnegut

Delacorte Press, 320 pp., \$12.95

BLIVIT

GEORGE V. HIGGINS

Literary autobiographies are entertainments best approached with the sort of resignation appropriate to attending an exhibition of sprinting ducks. It is no doubt possible to train a duck to sprint, but the animal is not really suited to the enterprise, and even its successful accomplishment of the task is certain to be awkward, and very likely to be dull.

This is because there is not very much left of the writer after he has written the books which justify his claim that he is a writer, and often provoke him into the hubris of describing himself as a Writer. Verification of the premise may be obtained by observation of writers exposing themselves, on televised talk shows, for the dullards that they are, whipping open one intellectual raincoat after another in order to display embarrassingly meager equipment concealed beneath. Your skillful scribbler receives pedestrian experience, subjects it to some sort of fermentation in his fevered brain, and makes up a good story from it. If he could make himself up, he would be vastly more interesting, and could give over all that tedious business of spoiling paper in order to reap a handsome competence in the well-paid market for dancing bears; but most writers can't manage that transition. (To be sure, a great many of us dolefully make the attempt, fall flat on our faces, and become very annoyed when one of the genuine trick ponies executes a double

reverse and starts working our side of the street, publishing books, but that is another matter.)

Palm Sunday is Kurt Vonnegut's effort to demonstrate that there is something left of him as he pushes sixty, with 12 earlier books behind him. This was not a promising adventure to begin with, in the eye of the cynical beholder, because there did not seem to be a hell of a lot to Vonnegut when he started his literary hegira.

Twenty years ago, the campus of Stanford University harbored two varieties of student: first, the revolutionary Marxist literati, who carried Hermann Hesse's screeds around, subsisted on brown rice which they scooped with their hands from communal pots, ranted about Sartre for interminable evenings spent squatting on rump-sprung sofas that for some reason had been dyed maroon in former incarnations, and later demonstrated their fierce commitment to Literature by bombing the library; and second, the clean-cut kids, who were known as Brick and Randy, Muffin and Twink, partly because that was what they called each other and partly because those were probably the

given names which appeared on their birth certificates; they drove Maseratis and read Vonnegut, and they were equally harmless in other ways as well. I suspect they read Vonnegut because his prose, with the possible exception of *Slaughterhouse-Five*, was just as vapid and pointless as their lives. About the best you could say either for them or for his books was that neither did any structural damage to the library.

Vonnegut labels this collection a *blivit*, which he defines as "two pounds of shit in a one-pound bag." The New England definition specifies different quantities of ingredient and container, five and two respectively, but it does not do to quibble over *le mot* so manifestly *juste*. Vonnegut may have his faults, but he deserves marks for Truth in Labeling.

This is the first warning Vonnegut gives us that he is inclined to agree he is far too dull a fellow to merit the sort of accolade which every autobiographer implicitly bestows upon himself. This premise requires no further corroboration, but Vonnegut proposes to furnish it, like it or not. He collects negligible letters which he wrote to yahoos

RANDOM NOTES

■ **BIOGRAPHIES—AMERICAN POLITICIANS:** *Los Angeles Times* reporter Bill Boyarsky, whose 1968 book, *The Rise of Ronald Reagan*, covered Reagan's career up to his victory in California's gubernatorial race, now focuses on Reagan's two terms as governor in his second biography, *Ronald Reagan: His Life and Rise to the Presidency* (Random House, \$12.95). Boyarsky's shallow reporting makes his book, with its "Reagan takes from the poor and gives to the rich" slant, negligible. . . . Chicago's mayor is studied by an old family friend, Kathleen Whalen Fitzgerald, who attributes Mrs. Byrne's authoritarian style to her early political training within the Catholic Church in Chicago, in *Brass: Jane Byrne and the Pursuit of Power* (Contemporary Books, \$11.95). . . . Historian Robert Ferrell has edited *The Eisenhower Diaries* (Norton, \$19.95), sporadically covering the events from 1935, when Eisenhower was a major under MacArthur in the Philippines, to 1967.

■ **MORE MAY TITLES:** *The Litigious Society* (Basic Books, \$13.95) by Jethro K.

Liebman examines changes in the legal system that have led to the unprecedented growth in the number of lawsuits and the resulting cost to most professions and businesses. . . . *Nature as Constructor* (Arco, \$19.95), by Klaus Wunderlich and Wolfgang Gloede, is a study of the correspondences between biology and physics—a stalk of wheat compared to a skyscraper, a dolphin to an airfoil. The text, written for the layman, is accompanied by two hundred illustrations, 35 of which are in color. . . . The prose of John Clare (1793-1864) has been edited and annotated by Anne Tibble in *The Journals, Essays, and the Journey from Essex* (Carcanet, \$18.95). Clare, a threshers' son, wrote poetry on the sly until he was discovered by a summering publisher and passed around London society as the "Northamptonshire Peasant Poet." When the genius-of-nature type went out of fashion, Clare's genius-of-nature type of behavior landed him in an asylum, where he continued to write, for the last 23 years of his life. . . . Eighty-odd Sunday columns and other pieces have been selected by Harold C. Schonberg, recently retired senior music critic at the *New York Times*, for inclusion in *Facing the Music* (Summit Books, \$17.95). —MS

who disapproved of his language, and he wrenches out of deserved and seemingly abandonment yard after yard of paltry speeches made to commencement audiences, mourners at the funerals of friends, and unwary student activists assembled to hear rock music and inveigh against nuclear power. In these maunderings, he is disorganized, trendy, superficial, and stupefyingly boring. That last, no doubt, a familial trait inherited from his uncle John, who presented him with a history of his ancestors that would make a Barry Manilow record sound punchy, and which Vonnegut has the common gall to excerpt at great length, under the title "Roots." There is no point to any of this stuff, which he found lying around the house and should have left to molder where the Lord had put it.

This is the kind of book that one heartily wishes had been saved, however narrowly, from publication. Vonnegut has his audience, the canon of his works, an understandable pride in his progress, a devoted family, a tendency to boast that he's quit drinking (if this sort of work is what comes of sobriety, it's the worst blow to the temperance movement in years), and funds adequate to support a comfortable life. There was no need for this demeaning drivel. □

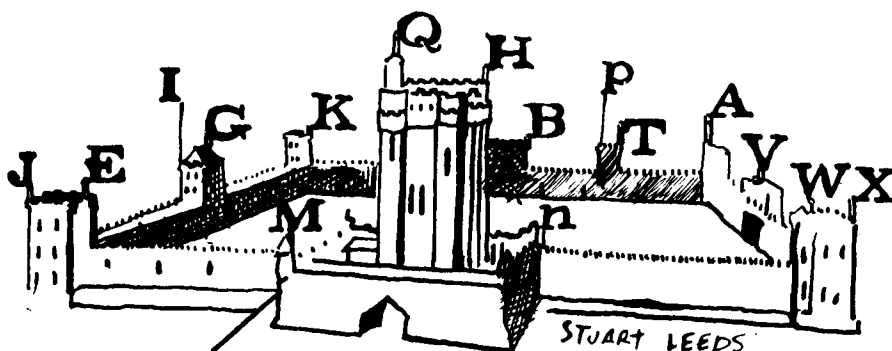
Charmed Lives: A Family Romance
By Michael Korda

Random House, 499 pp., \$15

A SURFEIT OF CHARM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Power! and *Success!*, as the author of books by those names knows well, are determined in large part by appearing to possess the one and exemplify the other. As Michael Korda's uncle put the principle into practice and into family legend: "Always go to the best hotel and eat at the best restaurants—and sooner or later someone will appear who will give you money." Which is how it all began, the ascent of Kellner Sandor, who became Sandor Corda, Alexander Corda, finally Alexander Korda, eldest of three brothers and most fabled and fascinating of them all.



Near the end of his captivating, albeit overstuffed, reminiscence of the lives of his uncles, Alex and Zoltan, and his father, Vincent, and their wives, children, servants, hangers-on, adversaries, and adulators, Michael Korda attempts a summation of the patriarch, taking his cue from Winston Churchill, who said that Alex would have made a splendid Prime Minister if only he had had a Rockefeller as his Chancellor of the Exchequer. "There was something about him that reminded one of a Renaissance cardinal," Michael writes, "or a medieval rabbi, or a Whig duke—an inherent nobility, a willingness to shoulder burdens, an acute, cynical intelligence, a sense of compassion artfully concealed by irony and self-interest."

Alex was a bit of all these characters: he was as amoral and luxury-loving as a Medici cardinal, he was Jewish (though he decided to forget that and hope that others didn't know it), and he became, if not a duke, at least a knight, courtesy of Mr. Churchill—a certified knight, *Sir Alex*, whose genuine claim to the "Sir" contrasted nicely with California's zoo-fish of phony princelings; as Sam Goldwyn put it, Korda's title was "100 per cent kosher."

We are given little of Zoltan ("Zoli") and Vincent, the second and third brothers—Zoli, the brilliant movie director; Vincent, the slovenly, self-effacing artist, set designer, and collector. Each lived under Alex's shadow, now willingly, now grudgingly, and Michael passes quickly through his father's adventures, concentrating on those of the near-mythic Alex, who set the Korda style, ordained the Korda enterprises, and dispensed the Korda wisdom (and nonsense), in the expectation of unstinting obedience.

One wouldn't cavalierly cross a man who slid merrily through poverty by charging all his meals but tipping serv-

ants handsomely (Rule #1 for gaining unlimited credit and retaining the affection of those empowered to extend it) and who turned even his liabilities into assets by revising British bookkeeping in a way that took the authorities decades to decipher (include even the most wretched, unexhibitable film as an asset on the books; borrow more on the basis of "bankable" disasters); nor, as Michael rather cockily shows, would one care to disregard the views of an uncle who, assuming that his nephew had designs on uncle's third, and quite young, wife, Alexa, suggested to Michael strongly that a hasty return to Oxford, and to study, made great good sense that very instant. Alex hated "chi-chi"—effete splendor—but he loved the real stuff, a lousy taste in wives notwithstanding, and for that his nephew adores him and conveys that adoration to us.

CHARMED LIVES is the story of three bright Hungarian émigrés who got out in time, cheated the executioner more than once, made an industry (British cinema) and a few notable and a great many forgettable movies, and in the process turned brass into gold. Alex had the Midas touch, for which the rich adored him, and he could spot a comer and turn the gifted (Laurence Olivier, Charles Laughton, Vivien Leigh, Merle Oberon) into stars. He married Oberon, between Maria and Alexa; he bought but didn't use movie scripts from Winston Churchill; he cajoled Sam Goldwyn out of a lawsuit over a midnight supper; he transformed himself into a proper English gentleman without ever bothering to learn English beyond the fundamentals; he taught the British their own history via the movies; he knew everybody; and most likely he served King and Country as a secret agent during World War II. Alex became *Sir Alex* at a time when divorced Jewish Hungar-

ians whom the press disliked were not routinely so honored, a phenomenon that lends credence to the speculation that his services to Great Britain went beyond making money and movies.

Michael Korda felt no need to essay a full-scale biographic treatment of his uncle (it's been done, twice, most notably by Karol Kulik in 1976: *Alexander Korda: The Man Who Could Work Miracles*), and so he fleshes out his family romance with hundreds of outrageously funny anecdotes, none, perhaps, more bizarre than that of the old Baron de Rothschild, who had so infuriated a waiter that the man served the baron tea laced with urine, gradually increasing the dose until the brew was less Lipton than human waste. *Charmed Lives* focuses less on the Kordas as a family than on the Korda milieu, such that the book cries for an editor (Michael is an editor, though it doesn't show) to tame its excesses or, alternatively, to let it soar. Pages of lore so weird that they appear to be lifted from an early draft of something riotous by Evelyn Waugh—pages like that fly past the reader, who might scream, at last: Enough! Not long before his death in 1956, Alex complained that he had become bored with people, though he also hated being alone. Michael observes: "Even charm had become an effort, sapping his energy and his will." So too with this book: a surfeit of charm finally palls. □

FILM

ILLUSTRATED LECTURES

JOHN SIMON

There is something disturbing about Roman Polanski's on-screen dedication of *Tess*, his film version of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, to Sharon, his brutally murdered wife. On the one hand, it looks like aggrandizement, as if Sharon Tate were now to take her rightful place in the pantheon of slain beauties next to Hardy's greatest heroine. On the other hand, it is an invitation to admire the restraint with which Polanski handles this piously dedicated material, his neo-

Victorian toning down of sex and violence to be taken as an earnest of his repentance for the real-life seduction of a 12-year-old, proof of a new-found tactfulness. Thus, the genteel near-dullness of this adaptation, and the fact that any adaptation of a classic novel to the screen is an ipso-facto betrayal, are to be excused by Polanski's discretion and taste, his devotion to his beautiful, butchered wife.

To be sure, the circumstance that, during the filming, Polanski was cohabiting with his leading lady, Nastassia Kinski, then between the ages of 15 and 17, and so reiterating the offense for which he had to flee America, and the further fact that the most persuasive way of remembering Sharon Tate is not likely to take place in Nastassia Kinski's bed, may subtract somewhat from the piety of that dedication, and make the movie's gentility (such as the relegation of Tess's trial and execution to a mere title card) seem rather less compelling.

I mention these facts from Polanski's personal history because they may help explain why the film's understatement feels less like cogent suggestiveness than a sort of reverse attitudinizing, as if the finest kind of chastity were self-castration. Yet it is precisely some of what Victorian mores obliged Hardy to omit that the movie could have restored, by way of partial compensation, to the novel it plundered.

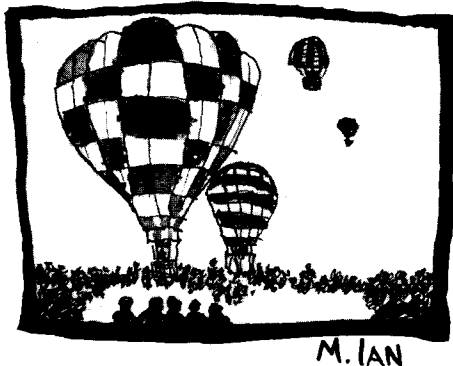
I say "plundered," because every artist knows, or ought to know, that whereas a poor or mediocre novel can sometimes be successfully translated to the screen, and even improved in the hands of a superior film artist, a good or great novel can only get lost in transit. For, as even bright schoolchildren have learned by now, form is content, and whoever, by trying to adapt it into another form, fiddles with it, must also,

inevitably, damage or destroy the content. One might, of course, assume that Hardy's fictions are particularly suitable to filmization, seeing that they possess elaborately dramatic, indeed melodramatic, plots, and that they are suffused with colorful nature descriptions and evocations of local color for which a keen camera eye should be able to provide suitable cinematic equivalents.

It doesn't work that way. Aside from the aforementioned adulterations, the film, though just under three hours long, leaves out a good many poignant story elements; as for the camera eye, even the best cinematographer (the film was shot by the excellent Geoffrey Unsworth and finished, upon his death, by the almost equally fine Ghislain Cloquet) cannot quite do what Hardy did. For one thing, *Tess* was made in France, and though the production designer, Pierre Guffroy, and art director, Jack Stephens, achieved some good semblances of English villages and landscapes, France is not England, and even a clever replica of Stonehenge pales beside the real thing.

BUT the problem goes deeper. For instance, when Tess and her friend are harvesting the lower parts of turnips uneaten by the livestock, we read in Hardy: "Every leaf of the vegetable having already been consumed, the whole field was in color a desolate drab; it was a complexion without features, as if a face, from chin to brow, should be only an expanse of skin. The sky wore, in another color, the same likeness; a white vacuity of countenance with the lineaments gone." In such a passage, Hardy's atheism is subtly (as it is, at other times, less subtly) embodied; what can the cameraman, however skillfully he may use a palette of noncolors, do to convey these two faceless faces, on earth as it is in heaven? The scenarists—Polanski, Gerard Brach, and John Brownjohn—even supposing that they comprehended this atheism and dared to try to communicate it, would still be defeated by the boundaries of their particular medium, film.

Nastassia Kinski looks attractive, sexy, sometimes even striking, as Tess (although the upswept hairdo she sports as a kept woman does not flatter her sharp features), but she is not Tess; instead of a bursting sunny creature,

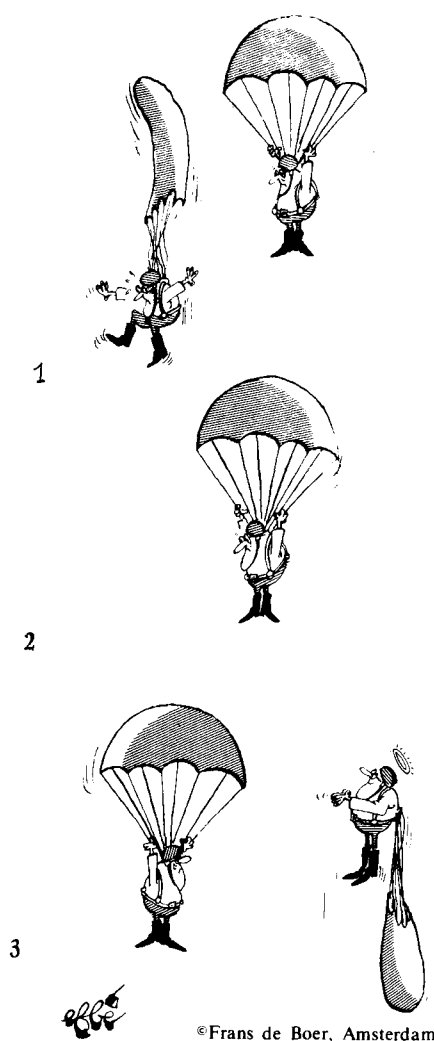


she is a darkling, moonlight beauty, moody almost to the point of sullenness. And though her acting is inoffensive and occasionally even touching, that is not quite enough even for Tess Durbeyfield, let alone Tess of the d'Urbervilles. Most of the other performances (many of them by French actors dubbed into English) are at least acceptable, but Peter Firth is no Angel Clare. Though Angel, God knows, is not a very physical creature, he does arouse Tess and the other farm girls to fever pitch; Firth, however, has no visible heterosexual appeal, and is not the actor to overcome such a disadvantage.

Polanski has directed the film competently, but with an essentially cold academicism that cannot, or will not, make even the final idyll in the empty house come to full, passionate life. *Tess* is not a bad film, and certainly not unwatchable (Anthony Powell's costumes are often as seductive as the landscapes), but it is a transient affair, not a Hardy perennial.

LET ME NOW give the extremely short shrift they deserve to the latest films by three former standard-bearers of the New Wave: François Truffaut, Alain Resnais, and Jean-Luc Godard. Truffaut's *The Last Metro* is a triangle story set in the German Occupation, centering on the lovely and noble wife (Catherine Deneuve) of a German Jewish theater director, who carries on the management of his Paris theater while he, ostensibly safe abroad, is in precarious hiding in the theater's basement. That is not, however, the only carrying on; the gallant wife also drifts into a dalliance with her young leading man (Gérard Depardieu), who is, naturally, also a hero of the Resistance. The entire film is part sentimental twaddle, part illustrated lecture about life in Paris under the Occupation, with any number of all too well-known anecdotes about Occupational hazards and how spirited Parisians defied them. *The Last Metro* ranges between the cute and the stilted, the excogitated and the obvious, and there is preciousness even in getting that superb cinematographer Nestor Almendros to recreate the yellowish tones of 1940s color cinematography.

Resnais's *Mon Oncle d'Amérique* is a quantum leap downward: a set of illustrated vignettes meant to dramatize



the interspersed little lectures by Dr. Henri Laborit, touted as France's answer to Freud, but in truth only a Skinner-deep behaviorist at best. His simplistic pronouncements about human conditioning are then couched in foolish little interconnecting tales about a handful of dullish and clumsily manipulated characters, and sprinkled with jokes to delight the young in brain, as when these characters turn into giant laboratory rats, or when, because they used to identify themselves with certain movie stars, we get intercut sequences from Jean Gabin or Jean Marais pictures. Despite the collaboration of the sometimes effective screenwriter Jean Gruault, Resnais, who lacks a comedic sense, has come up with a fundamentally humorless, pretentious, finally quite pointless film, and his not ungifted cast (except for Dr. Laborit, who is untalented even as an actor) is misdirected into oafishness.

As for Godard, he is, in *Sauve qui*

peut (*Every Man for Himself*), down to his old tricks. An alleged anti-capitalist fable, the film, bursting with impotent sexuality and impotent violence, tells several confused nonstories that unconvincingly impinge on one another, are supposed to prove that everyone is some kind of prostitute, and are not even worth summarizing here. I have never considered Godard fully *compos mentis*, and there are scenes here that, if there were loony-bins for movies, would surely be certifiable. One example: Godard has declared that repeated freezings of the frame within a sequence showing the human face reveal psychic depths. As one of the film's two leading ladies rides a bicycle, the film repeatedly freezes—and tells us nothing whatsoever about her. The device keeps reappearing, and is used also for a nocturnal traffic jam in the streets of Geneva. What do freeze-frames on the grilles and headlights reveal about the automotive psyche? Not much, but they tell us something about Godard's. □

ART

ART FROM THE ATTIC

RUTH BERENSON

Considering the rash of recent exhibitions on both sides of the Atlantic which have dealt with little-known aspects of the art of the nineteenth century, one would suppose that there would be little left to rediscover. However, the current show at the Brooklyn Museum, *The Realist Tradition: French Painting and Drawing, 1830-1890* manages to present yet another neglected aspect of this multifarious period.

Organized by Gabriel Weisberg, Curator of Art History and Education at the Cleveland Museum, where it originated, the display is as vast as its catalogue is weighty. It focuses on the half-century during which official French art, i.e., that given preference in the annual Salon exhibitions, was dominated by artists whose work mirrored the everyday life of their time. Most of them are quite unfamiliar to today's audiences. Contemporaries and, in some instances, friends of such well-known

figures as Courbet, Manet, and Degas, their works have been moldering in storage for close to a century. Their reappearance now casts considerable new light on an artistic period with which most of us—erroneously, it seems—thought we were reasonably familiar.

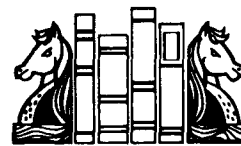
Though many of the works displayed are, to put it charitably, of documentary rather than aesthetic interest, the show is proving popular, doubtless because it appeals to those who are responding so enthusiastically to today's Realist revival. For those bored and puzzled with abstraction and its offshoots, the Brooklyn show is a kind of feast, with its easily recognized images and emphasis on story-telling; here, for once, you don't need to listen to a recorded tour to find out what you're looking at.

Instead of arranging the pictures according to their painters, the organizers have grouped them according to subject-matter: religious themes, genre, portraits, landscapes, and still-lives—the same categories into which Salon exhibitions were divided. Only historical subjects, the Salon's most honored category in the first half of the century, are missing, since a cardinal principle of Realism, the one that marked its break with Romanticism, was its preoccupation with the present.

The Realist era covered the turbulent years that began with the Revolution of 1848 (documented here by Meissonier's frightening on-the-spot drawing *Memories of Civil War* and in vivid watercolor sketches of street fighting by Isidore Pils) and continued through the Second Empire, the Franco-Prussian War, the Commune, and the burning of the Tuileries (whose ruins inspired both Meissonier and Pils), winding up with the more tranquil opening decades of the Third Republic. The beginning of the period witnessed France's industrialization, and among the exhibition's many fascinating rediscoveries are the carefully detailed renderings of factories, steel mills, and coal mines which prosperous entrepreneurs commissioned from François Bonhommé in the 1850s and '60s. Bonhommé was no more than a competent technician, but no detail escaped him; he even diagrammed how a horse, fettered and blindfolded, was lowered into a mine.

Other artists concerned themselves with the human—or rather inhumane—

Dark Horses



CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

JUST AS THE angry red eyes of the Audubon Society, the Sierra Club, and all the *ad hoc* groups to save the whale, the snail darter, and tens of thousands of square miles of oil shale are riveted on Secretary of the Interior James Watt, an interesting little book comes, bearing tales of mayhem across the seas. It is by Boris Komarov, and it is called *The Destruction of Nature in the Soviet Union* (M. E. Sharpe, 901 North Broadway, White Plains, N.Y. 10603; \$15).

Actually, Komarov is the pseudonym of a man still holding a job in a Soviet ministry; his book circulated in *samizdat* for a time, and in 1978 the author smuggled it out to the West for publication. Because pollution and environmental destruction are unpopular cocktail-party talk in the USSR, nobody there knows very much about it; certainly they lack hard data. Komarov's informative book represents, therefore, the first comprehensive dissertation ever to be published on the subject. It describes the serious deterioration of the quality of air and water, the rapacious misuse of lands, the slaughter of flocks and herds, and the poisoning of human populations—conditions that are bound to worsen.

Of course, the Soviet press never discusses these things; most of the time they barely make the agendas of the Council of Ministers. People get up in these meetings, make scant reference to the grave ecological perils threatening, and wind up with a flourish: "Of course, a better nature is not in the past but in the future!" "Why?" Komarov demands. "Where will it come from?"

The political problem, you see, comes in along with the ideological one: *according to theory*, what is good for man is good for nature, in a socialist society. Socialism makes for harmonious relationships among everything and everybody. Only capitalists have pollution, erosion, extinction of wildlife, and carbon-monoxide headaches. That is the theory. The most significant mes-

sage of Komarov's book is that, *in fact*, however environmentally rapacious dynamic capitalism may be, the sloth and waste of central socialist planning is far more rapacious still.

Komarov's best chapter is his first, "A Distant Cloud." Here he describes the ravages wrought upon the glorious Lake Baikal in Siberia by two gigantic pulp and paper combines erected on the shoreline in the late 1960s. When word of the project got out, there was a great stir among scientists, planners, and the intelligentsia, but the Ministry of Defense needed celluloid for cord in the tires of bombers, and cited "the strategic interests of the country." There were protests, but the plants were built.

IN 1967 THE combines began their operations. Ten years later their effluents were killing off the tiny crustacea epishura, the critical animal at the very bottom of the Baikal food chain, and algae was forming in the once pure water. Now the combines were sucking up impure water of their own making, and so were operating at a much reduced efficiency. But who cared: cord for bomber tires was already being made from petroleum. Of course, vast areas of the surrounding taiga had been leveled and fed into the combines; but again, all this work helped to create a pure, full-employment socialism, true to the dream . . . Komarov describes the destruction of whole forests by work crews, despite the planners' knowledge that freight cars would not be available for transporting the logs, which would be left to rot amid their stumps. But again, who cares: it's something for the workers to do . . .

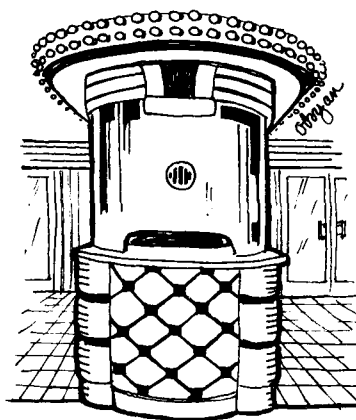
Komarov writes in the relaxed, resigned, colloquial, and ironically humorous style that we have come to associate with *samizdat*. His book is an important addition to the literature surrounding a problem of vital interest to East and West alike, and a lucid refutation of the Western environmentalists' notion that we have met the enemy and he is Us. □

effects of industrialization, as devastating in France as they had been in England fifty years before, and in so doing looked to the seventeenth century Spanish and Dutch painters who also specialized in depicting human misery—Ribera, Murillo, and, most of all, Rembrandt; the free, slashing brushstroke of Frans Hals also attracted many of them. Their pictures record sights which must have been all too familiar in the 1860s and '70s: starving peasants wandering through the land in search of food and shelter, small children reduced to beggary, the hopelessness of the unemployed.

Because Napoleon III came to power vowing to ameliorate these conditions, such depressing subjects were welcomed at the Salon: Alexandre Antigna's horrifying, if contrived, rendering of a poor family trapped by fire in their squalid garret, exhibited at the 1850-51 Salon, was bought by the Louvre for five thousand francs; and Isidore Pils's *Death of a Sister of Charity*, in which attention is focused on the ragged poor succored by the picture's heroine, was awarded a medal and purchased by the government.

That same Salon of 1850-51 has gone down in art history because it was there that Gustave Courbet first exhibited *Burial at Ornans* and *The Stonebreakers*, thereby, according to most writers, giving birth to the Realist movement. But if there is one thing this exhibition seems to demonstrate it is that Courbet, for all his prodigious gifts, and for all his many pronouncements on the necessity for realism in art, did not pioneer the movement although he was one of several young artists seeking to create paintings which today's parlance would dub "relevant" to their time.

AMERICAN painters who found themselves in Paris during this period were greatly affected by French Realism. John Singer Sargent studied with one of its main representatives, Carolus-Duran; he and that other expatriate, James McNeill Whistler, were both friendly with Courbet, Manet, Fantin-Latour, and others of the so-called "progressive" wing and took them as models for their own work. Even archetypal "American" artists like Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins were hardly immune: for the sturdy fisherfolk, especially the women, that Homer painted during his sojourn in Tyne-mouth on the English coast in 1881-82 strikingly resemble the monumental peas-



ants of Jules Bastien-Lepage and Jules Breton, two of the most highly regarded artists of their day; while Eakins's *Gross Clinic* of 1875 seems directly inspired by Auguste Feyen-Perrin's *Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Velpeau*, which he probably saw in the latter's studio. Both, of course, owed the whole idea to Rembrandt's *Anatomy Lesson*.

This exhibition, which will travel to St. Louis (July 23-September 20) and then to Scotland, to the Glasgow Art Gallery and Museum in Kelvingrove, will not—goodness knows why—be seen in France, though French museums have been generous with loans. One wonders if the French art authorities still feel a bit guilty about the way pro-Realist Salon juries of the 1870s and '80s rejected those radical offshoots of Realism: Impressionism, Post-Impressionism, and the rest. Certainly the completeness of the rebels' final victory is responsible for the century-long neglect of their forebears. This exhibition makes a start at repairing a long omission; it also introduces Americans to hitherto unknown artists like Théodule Ribot, François Bonvin, and others who deserve better than the obscurity which has enveloped them. Together with its book-length catalogue, it makes a substantial contribution to the understanding of nineteenth century painting. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

FACING REALITY: *From World Federalism to the CIA*, by Cord Meyer (Harper & Row, 433 pp., \$15.95). Lying athwart several literary streams, this book is a magisterially crafted two-in-one volume. As an apologia it touches the poignant sensitivity of Rousseau and Newman, thanks especially to an account of the author's

battlefield memories and a painfully honest narration of his life thereafter. More than this, as an exemplar of the literature of the renewed cold war it both caps and crowns the sequence that includes Nixon's *The Real War* and Podhoretz's *The Present Danger*. Meyer, however, has a different legacy of concern with U.S.-USSR tensions than the other two authors. As an apostle of world government, he persisted for years in preaching a vision of the two superpowers joined in a federal framework; he came around to his present attitude after Soviet implacability had dissolved his illusions and forced him into the stance he now urges on his countrymen. He himself joined the CIA at that point, and his book gives the reader a workaday picture of intelligence in action, both in the democratic order and in the totalitarian one. GERALD T. DUNNE

THE NEW CLASS?, edited by B. Bruce-Briggs (Transaction Books, 229 pp., \$16.95). This is an interesting but irritating volume. Irritating because, although he arranged an elaborate hunt, the editor seems unsure of his quarry. Interesting because of our perennial fascination with social classes and the relationships among them, and also because most of the contributors are shrewd social observers. Michael Harrington, the sole representative of the Left, is mainly anxious to deny the Left's paternity of the putative newborn and its works: "... late capitalism, not socialism, is the precursor of an authoritarian society under the rule of the new class." Some contributors, such as Everett Carl Ladd, Seymour Martin Lipset, Nathan Glazer, and Kevin Phillips, try to establish or cast doubt on the existence or nature of the new class by teasing out correlations among such factors as education, occupation, public- or private-sector location, income, and avowed political opinions and social attitudes. Others, among them Robert Bartley, Peter Berger, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Norman Podhoretz, and Aaron Wildavsky, try to identify the common (not necessarily conscious) interests of the new class and the programs and policies that further them. Falling somewhere outside these groups are B. Bruce-Briggs, who provides a long introductory essay and a conclusion; Daniel Bell, who finds not a new class but only a new "mentality" abroad in our post-industrial land; and Andrew Hacker, who would recognize either two new classes or none. On the whole, the contributors who try to figure out the new class's common interests are the most fun to read. One of the more tantalizing essays is Wildavsky's. He thinks that what distinguishes the class is not its goals (which are those of every other ruling class, namely wealth, status, and power) but the strategies demanded by present social conditions in which wealth no longer automatically confers status and

power. As he puts it, money, which new-class members have in adequate though not huge amounts, "cannot buy them what they want; so their task, as they define it, is to convince others to pay collectively for what they cannot obtain individually. Thus government lies at the center of their aspirations and operations."

JEANNE WACKER SOBRAN

SPARTAN SEASONS, by Richard Goldstein (Macmillan, 290 pp., \$12.95). That the National Pastime found it heavy going during World War II is well known. After having narrowly avoided suspension until the end of the war, baseball Did Its Part for the war effort, as a morale booster. But the job was not easy, and the story of wartime ball is wonderful, bizarre, even fabulous, rich in absurdities and preposterousities. Night games were all but abolished; travel restrictions interrupted schedules; Florida spring training was abandoned for snowier climes closer to home; equipment, especially bats and balls, almost disappeared; and the cream of the major leagues was drafted. Still, the show went on. You could not be too old or too young to make it to the majors at one point; you could not be too tall or too short; you did not even have to have all your limbs, as one-armed outfielder Pete Gray proved. No team was spared, as mediocrity reigned supreme: even the St. Louis Browns won a pennant. Of the star professional players drafted, most played on Army or Navy teams. Few saw active service, and not one major-leaguer on a team roster at the time of Pearl Harbor died in action. Author Goldstein has done an impressive job of chronicling how baseball survived the Second World War, collecting facts, anecdotes, participants' reminiscences, and 101 pictures from the UPI file. There is a lot of material to work with here, but Goldstein, like a successful juggler, keeps it all in motion.

JOE MYSAK

THE GOLDEN TURKEY AWARDS: Nominees and Winners—The Worst Achievements in Hollywood History, by Harry and Michael Medved (Perigee Books, 223 pp., \$6.95). *The Golden Turkey Awards*, the Medved brothers' sequel to their highly successful *The Fifty Worst Films of All Time* (with Randy Dreyfuss), focuses on satirizing that greatest of all Hollywood extravaganzas, the Academy Awards. As in *The Fifty Worst*, the subject is Hollywood's all-time classic schlockbusters. The categories are as hilarious as the nominees: The Most Brainless Brain Movie of All Time (*They Saved Hitler's Brain*); The Worst Performance by a Politician (John Lindsay as the Concerned Senator in *Rosebud*); The Worst Credit Line of All Time (*The Taming of the Shrew* by William Shakespeare with additional dialogue by Sam Taylor). Tongue planted firmly in cheek, the Medveds score bull's-eyes on

nearly every shot. Some might quibble (myself among them) with naming Richard Burton as The Worst Actor of All Time, although the Medveds do present a persuasive case. Bad-film buffs are in for hours of cinematic hilarity with *The Golden Turkey Awards*, and even the most casual filmgoer will not be disappointed.

JOHN A. BARNES

DRAGONS: An Introduction to the Modern Infestation, by Pamela Wharton Blanpied (Warner, 194 pp., \$9.95). At first there was just an unexplained fire here and there; then a farmer in New Hampshire reported some cows killed and devoured on the spot, and not long afterward the vast herds in Saskatchewan were attacked. Rustlers from south of the border, charged the enraged ranchers, and it took cooler heads to prevent an outbreak of hostilities between Canada and the United States. Thus did the public become aware of The Modern Infestation of Dragons. Some scientists were already in the field, but their findings and warnings had gone unheeded. The great and courageous Marta Froedlich, working under wraps, dared not tell Brazilian authorities that she had made friends (perhaps too strong a word) with several roils (litters) of Dragon kits—had indeed become their plaything—lest Brasilia put an end to her inquiry. (Though rough, the kits never intentionally hurt Froedlich. When they dropped her in the ocean, they never did so from a great height.) But that, of course, was before The Disaster, an awful though not completely tragic event in the annals of Verminology, in that when the avenging Dragons struck, they killed the NATO garrison on remote Asunción Island in the South Atlantic but spared Philip Marsden, Froedlich's chief disciple. Marsden, who had been observing a Dragon nesting community for four years, was thus marooned on Asunción for another 12 years during which he developed his *Lexicon of the Percussive Language of Dragons*, still the definitive work in the field. Since then much has been learned about The Nesting, The Wandering, The Hoard, The Knotting Game, The Frenzy (a feeding frenzy in the years immediately preceding:) The Mating, the metabolic ramifications of The Fire Box, and The Mime. The Mime is what permits Dragons both to observe human behavior—in general Dragons are not hostile to humans, The Disaster notwithstanding—and to sneak up on their prey. In *The Mime*, the Dragon assumes the color and the shape of the surrounding terrain; like a chameleon, but better. Blanpied's extraordinary book—a layman's guide to The Modern Infestation—contains charts, diagrams, census figures, anatomical drawings, a bibliography, and a series of breathtaking photographs (acquired with some loss of life) of Dragons in *The Mime*. So skilled are

Dragons in *The Mime* that even when the editor provides a helping arrow, or circles the figure/figures of the Dragon/Dragons, they cannot be detected by the naked eye. Pamela Blanpied has—and deservedly—been called the Dr. Paul de Kruif of Verminology. Her book should be required reading, for against such an Infestation the only defense is Knowledge. Take that farmer in New Hampshire back at the turn of the century: his first instinct when he saw a Dragon eating his cows—to lock himself in his house—was correct, though not informed. Hence his second, incorrect decision: to call the police. An Enraged Dragon can become a Nasty Dragon, a Brutish Dragon, and the life of all around him Short. PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

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Is Haig a Problem?

On
The Right

New York, April 8—Back to Haig. What are the grounds for discontent?

It was indeed tactless for him to display before a congressional committee his displeasure with the arrangements, contrived by Mr. Reagan's staff and ratified by Reagan, on the question who would be in charge in the event of a crisis. Since it usually makes sense to meditate alternative explanations to those of narrow-mindedness when examining the motives of experienced, able men, it would seem fair to assume that General Haig instinctively thought of "crisis" situations as those caused by international events. The most obvious recent historical example is of course the hostage seizure. Remember that the President had spoken on the telephone with his Secretary of State the very morning the decision was subsequently released identifying Vice President Bush as chairman of the crisis management team in the absence of the President—and President Reagan had made no mention of the forthcoming announcement. Haig had hardly had time to assimilate the news when he was asked about it by a congressional committee. He is being criticized for having spoken the exact truth to Congress. In answer to the question, Was he upset by the President's arrangements, Haig's answer was: "Yes."

WHAT then are Haig's critics saying? that a) he should not have been upset? or b) it was okay for him to be upset, but he ought not to have revealed this to the Congress and, through it, to the public?

Consider Al Haig's own experience. He was around when the President of the United States for all intents and purposes ignored his Secretary of State when it came to major diplomatic démarches. Secretary of State William Rogers didn't know about the China initiative until about the time President Nixon gave out news of it to the entire world. Instinctively Haig might reasonably have wondered whether the White House's rather dramatic broadcast of the hierarchical order was a step in the Rogersization of Haig. It is true that he should have suppressed this concern, but then it is always a little uncomfortable to get sore at someone for telling the truth.

Then the flap over Mr. Haig's behavior

after the attempted assassination. Here one wonders just what it was that motivated not Haig to act as he did, but his critics to act as they did. I watched Dan Rather that night on CBS, and he appeared positively hypnotized by Haig's relatively routine statement that pending the arrival of the Vice President he as Secretary of State was "in charge here." Two hours later one had the feeling that if Mr. Rather had found an assistant professor of political science at the University of South Dakota who was willing to opine that Haig had used a code word to trigger a coup d'état, the gentleman would have been put on network TV.

A few observations:

1. To the charge that Haig was visibly distressed, let it be said that he had every reason to be. The Soviet Union was widely expected, last Monday, to be preparing to enter Poland on Tuesday if the general strike there was not averted. As a recent commander of NATO, Haig, more intimately than anyone else in the Executive branch, knew the military and derivative political repercussions of such a strike, and appreciated especially the possible effect of an apparently immobilized Executive on Soviet behavior.

2. Lieutenant Haig was commissioned at West Point in June 1947. One month later, at the urging of President Truman, the Presidential Succession Act was amended to give successively to the Speaker of the House and the President Pro Tem of the Senate priority over Cabinet officials, the senior of whom is the Secretary of State, followed by the Secretary of the Treasury. It is unlikely that Mr. Haig's statement in the White House on Monday was even remotely animated by a personal hunger for power, let alone a Macbeth-

type temptation to pull out a gun and destroy such amiable folk as George Bush, Tip O'Neill, and Strom Thurmond.

3. The crystallized prerogatives of the U.S. Secretary of State are the right to counsel the President before the President takes any action on foreign policy (often, as in the China initiative, ignored by the President); and the right to personal (i.e., without a third party present) access to the President.

Mr. Haig is a valuable colleague of President Reagan, and on the whole his enemies are those one would hope he would have. □

**BRAVO
BURNETT**

New York, March 31—
Concerning the victory of
Carol Burnett over the
National Enquirer, a few observations:

1. It appears that if ever there was a popular win, we have one here. Reg Murphy, the outspoken publisher and editor of the *San Francisco Examiner*, put it most bluntly. The *Enquirer*, he said, is "a disgrace to journalism" which uneasily covers itself with the mantle of the First Amendment.

2. The attorney for the *Enquirer* expressed great shock at the magnitude of the award: \$1.6 million. The jurors had apparently been shown the books of the *Enquirer*, and one juror, asked to comment on the size of the judgment, said matter-of-factly that it represented a mere ten months' profit of the *Enquirer*, from which the mathematically nimble may deduce that the *Enquirer* makes an annual profit of \$1,920,000, call it \$2 million.

Now it is always difficult to arrive at objectively appropriate awards in libel cases, particularly when dealing with punitive judgments. Miss Burnett was given \$300,000 to compensate her for the hurt she plausibly says she experienced on reading total fabrications about how she got drunk one night, crossed swords with Henry Kissinger, and whatever. The jury then awarded her \$1.3 million as punitive damages levied against the tort-feasor. The jury in effect said that the journal that published such a lie should be punished. The jurors evidently thought the sum of \$1.3 million about right for a paper that makes \$2 million per year in profits.



There are many cases on the books of higher courts reducing the size of libel awards, most conspicuously the libel award in the Red Channels case levied against the so-called blacklists. The jury awarded over \$3 million against Vincent Hartnett et al.; the higher courts, deeming the figure inordinate, reduced it to approximately \$700,000. The *Enquirer* will of course appeal, and in California law much will be made in the appeal of the question whether the *Enquirer* is a newspaper or a magazine. The trial court ruled that it was a magazine (which it is). Otherwise, judgments would have been limited to \$250,000 under the law.

3. Miss Burnett, on being asked to comment on her victory, replied with theatrical brilliance. "I feel like I've been pregnant five years, but the baby is beautiful." It is the five years, and the expense of the lawsuit, that are of greater social concern, really, than the verdict.

CAROL BURNETT is a very wealthy woman, or more exactly, a very high earner. I would not be surprised if every year she earned more money than the president of General Motors, though it's a toss-up whether her jokes are better or worse than GM's cars. She is, in short, a member of a small class. A corporation can afford to sue for libel in the United States. Not many individuals can. The size of Miss Burnett's legal bill has not been disclosed, but people who bear scars are equipped to make intelligent estimates. This journal wrote in 1962, telling the exact truth, that Linus Pauling, in his repeated, one-sided denunciations of the United States and defenses of the Soviet Union, had emerged as one of the nation's leading fellow-travelers. It was a statement as nearly true as any statement can be that uses the word "fellow-traveler." Pauling sued: four years later, after the case for the plaintiff had rested at the trial, the judge threw his case out of court. We won—and our legal bill was \$190,000. Double that in today's prices. Probably Miss Burnett paid something on the order of \$300,000 to \$400,000 to her lawyers. It turns out to have been a profitable legal investment, assuming the higher courts don't overturn; but how many people whose names are defamed can satisfy competent lawyers that they are good for \$350,000 in legal fees?

4. If the case reaches the Supreme Court, and there is a high probability that it will, the Court has an opportunity to expand on a theme legal scholars have been talking about for years. In Great Britain, the party that loses a libel suit pays the legal costs of the winner. It is precisely the legal cost of bringing a suit that should constitute, at least in embryo,

the amount of the award. The ideal system is Britain's. Short of that, a limitation of punitive damages with some reference to costs. Miss Burnett has given hope to those who are libeled. But, so far, only to those who are libeled and are also wealthy. □

IN THE THRALL OF AN ADDICTION

New York, April 2—For many years I have labored under the burden of an unrequited passion. What have I done for it, in return for all it has done for me? Nothing. But I have wondered what I could use as what the journalists call a "peg."

I have found one. This may strike some of the literal-minded as attenuated, but it goes as follows: This is the centennial year of the Tuskegee Institute, which was founded on the Fourth of July, 1881 by Booker T. Washington. Tuskegee continues to be a remarkable institution, and former Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld is the head of a committee of illustrious men and women who are devoting themselves to raising \$20 million to encourage it in its noble work.

What noble work? We have arrived at step two. It was, among other things, the principal academic home of George Washington Carver, and it was G. W. Carver who to all intents and purposes invented the peanut. What he did, more specifically, was document that the cultivation of the peanut despoiled the land far less than the cultivation of cotton, and then he set out to merchandise the peanut in order that there might be a market for it.

He discovered an estimated three hundred uses for it, many of them entirely removed from the peanut's food value. But it is this, of course, that is the wonder of the peanut. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* informs us that "pound for pound peanuts have more protein, minerals, and vitamins than beef liver, more fat than heavy cream, and more food energy (calories) than sugar." And George Washington Carver discovered—peanut butter.

I have never composed poetry, but if I did, my very first couplet would be:

*I know that I shall never see
A poem lovely as Skippy's peanut butter.*

When I was first married and made plain to my wife that I expected peanut butter for breakfast every day of my life, including Ash Wednesday, she thought me quite mad (for the wrong reasons). She has not come round, really, and this is a source of great sadness to me because one wants to share one's pleasures.

I was hardened very young to the skeptics. When I was 12, I was packed off to

a British boarding school by my father, who dispatched every fortnight a survival package comprising a case of grapefruit and a large jar of peanut butter. I offered to share my tuck with the other boys at my table. They grabbed instinctively for the grapefruit—but one after another actually spit out the peanut butter, which they had never before seen and which only that very year (1938) had become available for sale in London. No wonder they needed American help to win the war.

You can find it now in specialty shops in Europe, but I have yet to see it in anyone's home. And it is outrageously difficult to get even in the typical American hotel. My profession requires me to spend forty or fifty nights on the road every year, and when it comes time to order breakfast over the telephone I summon my resolution—it helps to think about peanut butter when you need moral strength—and add, after the orange juice, coffee, skim milk, and whole-wheat toast, "Do you have any peanut butter?"

Sometimes the room service operator will actually break out laughing when the request is put in, at which point my voice becomes stern and unsmiling. Often the operator will say, "Just a minute," and then she will turn, I suppose to the chef, but I can hear right through the hand she has put over the receiver—"Hey Jack. We got any peanut butter? Room 322 wants some peanut butter!" This furtive philistinism is then regularly followed by giggles all around. One lady recently asked, "How old is your little boy and does he want a peanut butter sandwich?" To which I replied, "My little boy is 28 and is never without peanut butter, because he phones ahead before he confirms hotel reservations."

I INTRODUCED Auberon Waugh to cashew butter ten years ago when he first visited America, and although I think it inferior to peanut butter Auberon was quite simply overwhelmed. You can't find it in Great Britain so I sent him a case from the Farmer's Market. It quite changed his writing style: for about ten months he was at peace with the world. I think that was the time he said something pleasant about Harold Wilson. In the eleventh month, it was easy to tell that he had run out. It quite changes your disposition and your view of the world if you cannot have peanut butter every day.

So here is yet another reason for contributing money to the Tuskegee Institute. For all we know, but for it we'd never have tasted peanut butter. There'd be no Planter's, no Jif, no Peter Pan—that terrible thought reminds us of our indebtedness to George Washington Carver. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

- A. A White Sox o.f., 1935-6, an Oakland o.f., 1974-5
- B. How a yes-man would vote
- C. The Thunderer which Englishmen read for weather reports
- D. Part of the motorist's diet
- E. Former newspaper employees?
- F. A famous example of hieroglyphics (sounds as though a girl ate pit and all)
- G. Sir Walter Raleigh's father-in-law (one of two sps.) (1515-1571)
- H. A Scottish river+ the staff of life = a form of the latter
- I. A group of eight
- J. A daily newspaper in Texas
- K. Certain parts of speech
- L. National League southpaw pitcher, 1915-29 (won 4, lost 4, in W. S.)
- M. These are included among the seven wonders of the ancient world

2 32 47 6 62 51 130 183 223 258

177 8 198 131 46 92 122 141 82 112

136

148 255 24 162 70 31 41 56 192 143

212

169 59 230 74 140 88 121 48 147 199

55 89 186 104 120 78 96 107 126 63

188 35 40 52 69 75 113 144 151 197

236 244

226 37 71 73 64 102 108 110 118 124

57

239 167 101 109 191 257 179 260

16 22 36 45 58 65 77

248 97 160 4 170 190 17 201 207 10

221 15 266 28 181 225

262 243 146 196 224 202 87

267 149 119 189

123 72 95 128 159 50 156 211 103 117

240 33 81 135 145

- N. A daily newspaper in Nebraska
- O. August 1st in England
- P. A coastal town in Mozambique
- Q. Carries sums?
- R. To make changes; a favorite word of bureaucrats
- S. Onetime great Illinois newspaper
- T. Blankets, hounds, or victims of the Soviet Empire
- U. This calls for an amazing performance
- V. Shocked
- W. If you can't recall the name of this potion, forget it!
- X. AT SITE TEN
- Y. A city on the lower Mississippi R.
- Z. Pretended
- a. Eyeglasses with a handle
- b. FIRE OFF FACTS

26 222 228 264 269 217 246 30 241 53

66 208 39 80 256 137

79 3 13 54 60 68

1 129 76 184 209 271 200 125 163

132 85 18 171 165

232 150 106 138 253 210 250 272

270 227 9 61 105 127 133 247 164 235

93 242 252 261

29 44 237 19 213 153 219

180 218 166 158 185 111 83 234 100

193 84 205 168 115 233

220 154 238 20 172 259 274 91

254 175 263 23 155 5 157 273 94

268 249 90 134 142 174 182 245 67 194

229 7 11 21 34 38

42 231 86 25 214 99 251 173

114 116 161 1761 8 187 204 206 216

265 12 1 27 43 49 98 139 152 195

203 215

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition*.

Note: Bold black lines instead of boxes indicate the ends of words for this puzzle only.

See page 506 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

			1	2	A	3	0	4	J	5	X	6	A	7	Y	8	B	9	S	10	J	11	Y	12	B	13	0	14	B	15	J	16	I	17	J				
18	Q	19	T	20	W	21	Y	22	I	23	X	24	C	25	Z	26	N	27	B	28	J	29	T	30	N	31	C	32	A	33	M	34	Y	35	F	36	I	37	G
38	Y	39	N	40	F	41	C	42	Z	43	B	44	T	45	I	46	B	47	A	48	D	49	B	50	M	51	A	52	F	53	N	54	0	55	E	56	C	57	0
58	I	59	D	60	0	61	S	62	A	63	A	64	G	65	I	66	N	67	Y	68	0	69	F	70	C	71	G	72	M	73	G	74	D	75	F	76	P	77	I
78	E	79	0	80	N	81	M	82	B	83	U	84	V	85	Q	86	Z	87	K	88	D	89	E	90	Y	91	W	92	B	93	S	94	X	95	M	96	E	97	J
98	b	99	Z	100	U	101	H	102	C	103	M	104	E	105	S	106	R	107	E	108	G	109	H	110	G	111	U	112	B	113	F	114	a	115	V	116	a	117	M
118	G	119	L	120	E	121	D	122	B	123	M	124	G	125	P	126	E	127	S	128	M	129	P	130	A	131	B	132	Q	133	S	134	Y	135	M	136	B	137	N
138	R	139	b	140	D	141	B	142	Y	143	C	144	F	145	M	146	K	147	D	148	C	149	L	150	R	151	F	152	b	153	T	154	W	155	X	156	M	157	X
158	L	159	M	160	J	161	a	162	C	163	P	164	S	165	Q	166	U	167	H	168	V	169	D	170	J	171	Q	172	W	173	Z	174	Y	175	X	176	a	177	B
178	a	179	H	180	U	181	J	182	Y	183	A	184	P	185	U	186	E	187	a	188	F	189	L	190	J	191	H	192	C	193	V	194	Y	195	b	196	K	197	F
198	B	199	D	200	P	201	J	202	K	203	b	204	a	205	V	206	a	207	J	208	N	209	P	210	R	211	M	212	C	213	T	214	Z	215	b	216	a	217	N
218	U	219	T	220	W	221	J	222	N	223	A	224	K	225	J	226	G	227	S	228	N	229	Y	230	D	231	Z	232	R	233	V	234	U	235	S	236	F	237	T
238	W	239	H	240	M	241	N	242	S	243	K	244	F	245	Y	246	N	247	S	248	J	249	Y	250	R	251	Z	252	S	253	R	254	X	255	C	256	N	257	H
258	A	259	W	260	H	261	S	262	K	263	X	264	N	265	b	266	J	267	L	268	Y	269	N	270	S	271	P	272	R	273	X	274	W						



UMPH!

Taste the Umph!

NEW TRIUMPH 100's

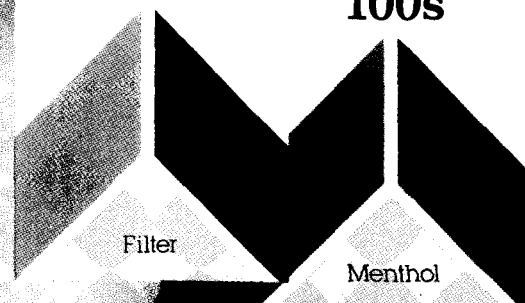
only 5mg tar

ALSO IN KING SIZE 3MG TAR

tar "0.4 mg per cigarette by FTC method."
tar "0.4 mg per cigarette by FTC method."
tar "0.4 mg per cigarette by FTC method."

TRIUMPH
100s

TRIUMPH
100s



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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Want us to run that by again? It's really not as crazy as it sounds. Because the Jetta just happens to combine the best features of every other Volkswagen we make.

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Inside, the Jetta is like our elegant Dasher.

With a luxurious amount of room, and a surprising amount of luxury.

And at the gas pump?

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